POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST NOVEMBER 30 • 1963 20c

HIGHWAY ROBBERY: FRAUD IN ROAD BUILDING IS WASTING MILLIONS

SHIRLEY MACLAINE
sounds off on manners and morals

Shirley whirls in wild wardrobe

Are veterans too greedy? / The night a town died / Tough week for a gambler

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Squeezed for room?

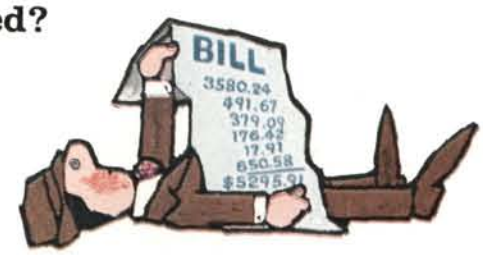
There is no passenger squeeze in any Rambler . . . not even the very lowest priced Rambler American! Headroom compares with, or exceeds, that of many costlier cars. Same for entrance room, legroom, hiproom. So why pay more than low Rambler prices to get *room?*

Why feed a gas hog?

All fed up with emptying your pockets to fill up a gas guzzler? The sparkling all-new Rambler American delivers its spirited performance together with gas mileage that has topped every economy run officially entered.

Hardtops too high priced?

Have fun by impressing your friends with a glamorous Rambler American hardtop (see below). A car of such magnificent detail, it even has a ball-bearing ashtray! Price? Far less than you'd expect for this smart beauty!



Bugged by rattles?

Rambler's Advanced Unit Construction—now in the Rambler American, too—is the greatest racket-eraser of motordom. It's strong, rugged, rigid, quiet . . . a breakthrough in car building!

Rambler leads because Rambler listens

Rambler listens to what *you* want in a car. A good example is the all-new, high-style compact you asked for in '64: Rambler American, in exciting hardtops, convertible, sedans, wagons. New ride, new full 6-passenger room, new ideas inside and out!

Rambler '64

AMERICAN • CLASSIC 6 or V-8 • AMBASSADOR V-8

Watch the Danny Kaye Show on CBS-TV, 10:00-11:00 P.M., EST, Wednesday.

1964 Rambler American 440-H Hardtop. Compact economy king with new beauty, room and ride. Bucket seats, console, and 138-hp Six, standard. Curved-glass side windows; 33,000-mile or 3-year chassis lubrication; Deep-Dip rustproofing.

Insist on more in '64...go Rambler!

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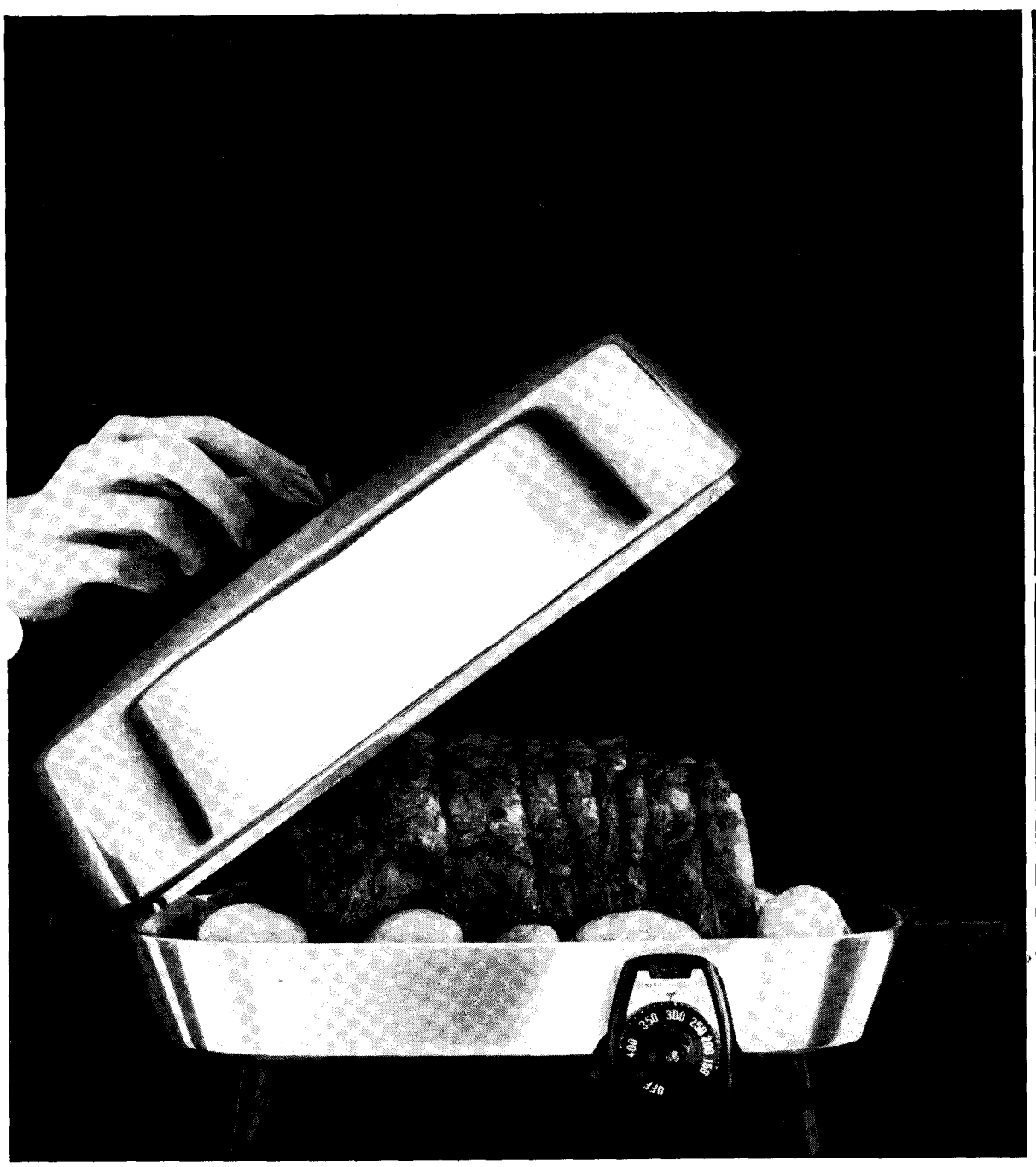
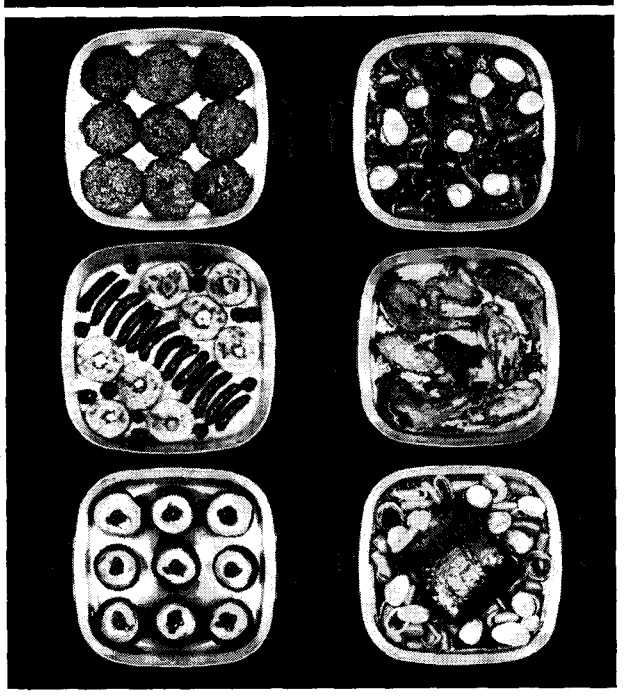
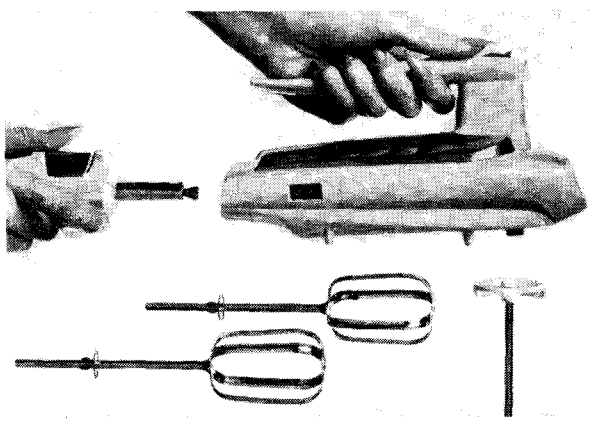
General Electric's High-Dome Buffet Skillet
Chef:
Fries, sautés, pan broils, stews, roasts, bakes
Waiter:
Serves a complete family meal, right at the table
Work saver:
Immerses completely for quick and easy cleaning

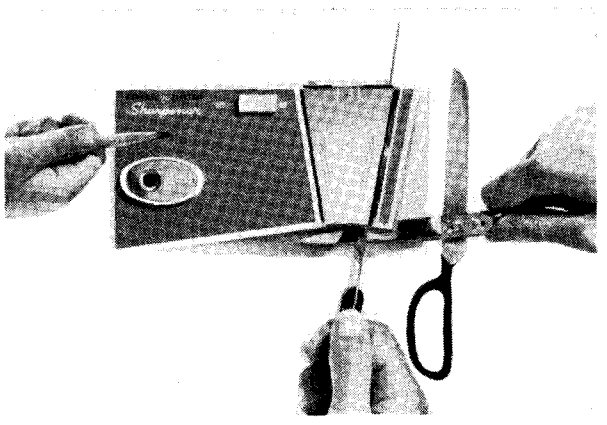




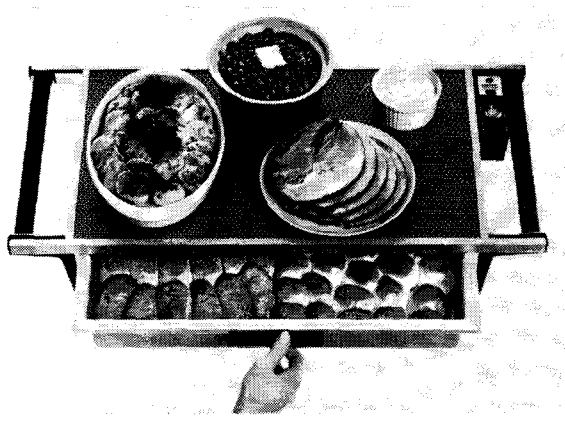
3 more General Electric Appliances that do more for you



G-E Portable Mixer sharpens your knives, too!



G-E Sharpener does your pencils, knives, scissors!



G-E Warming Tray has a "Keeps Warm" Drawer!

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, HOUSEWARES & COMMERCIAL EQUIPMENT DIVISION, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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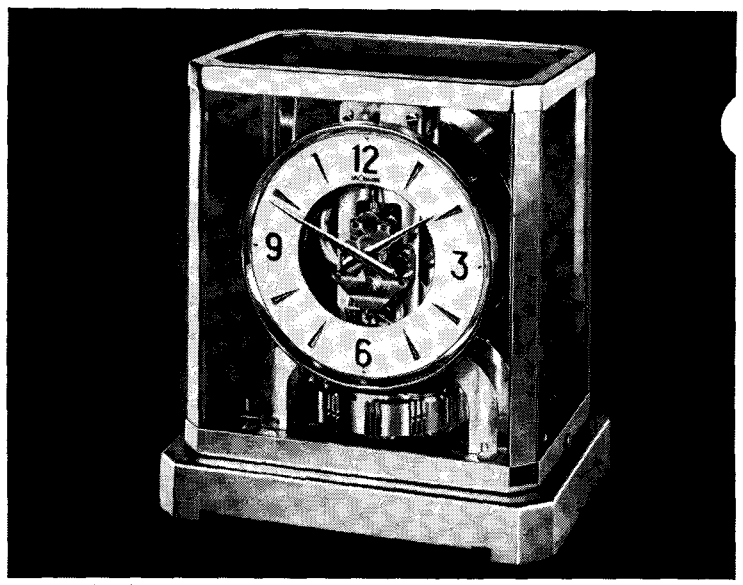
These most exceptional watches and clocks are tribute to the skill of the world-famed watchmakers of

LeCoultre

IN ALL THE WORLD, there are no more *exciting* and unique timepieces than those bearing the distinguished hallmark of LeCoultre.

For over a century, LeCoultre watches and clocks—exceptional in concept, meticulous manufacture, magnificent fashion—have been the prized possession of royalty. Today, throughout the world, exceptional men and women prefer and own LeCoultre timepieces. Visit your LeCoultre quality jeweler soon to select your treasure or to purchase the most exceptional gift.



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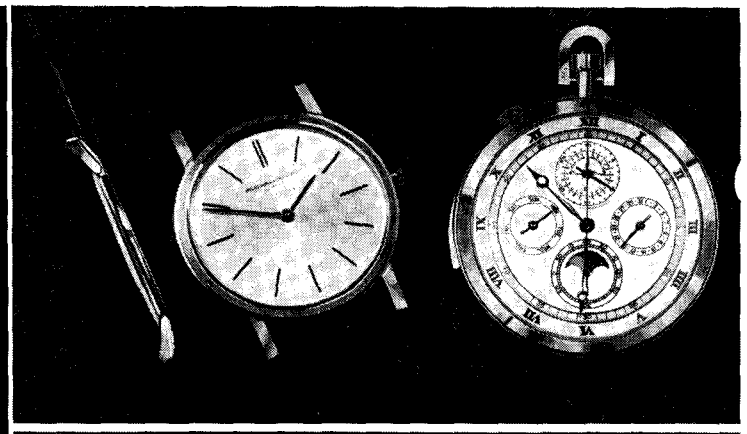
THE SMALLEST WATCH In The World! *Miniaturized movement is worth 400 times its weight in pure gold—matching bracelet of Solid 18K Gold. $3000.*

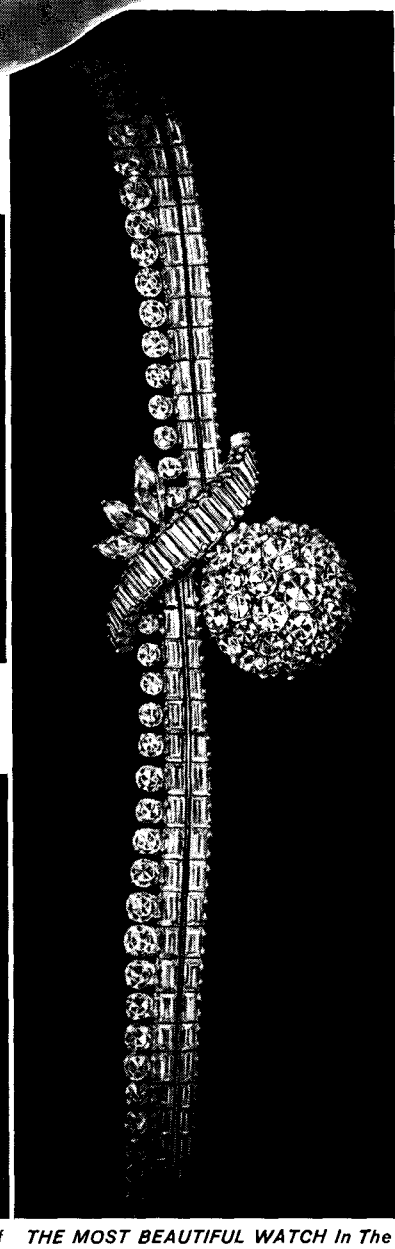
THE THINNEST WATCH In The World! *Elegant, unique creation of Vacheron & Constantin, in solid 18K Gold! Slim as a half-dollar!.....$800.*

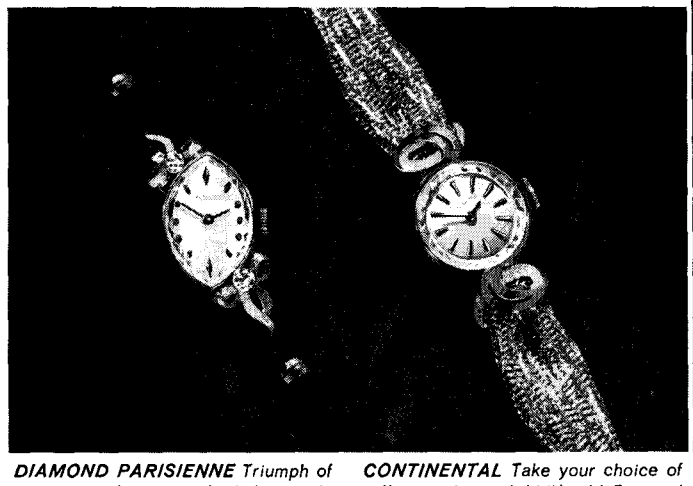
MOST COMPLEX WATCH In The World! *More than 400 parts: A minute repeater, chronograph, perpetual calendar, moon phase indicator! $10,000.*



OVETTE *Solid 14K white or yellow gold. Sleek modern flair without ornate end-pieces. $115. With matching expansion bracelet.....$125.*

VIVIENNE *Striking! Bound to be admired. Facetted synthetic sapphire crystal, hand crafted in solid 14K gold, your choice of white or yellow. $135.*

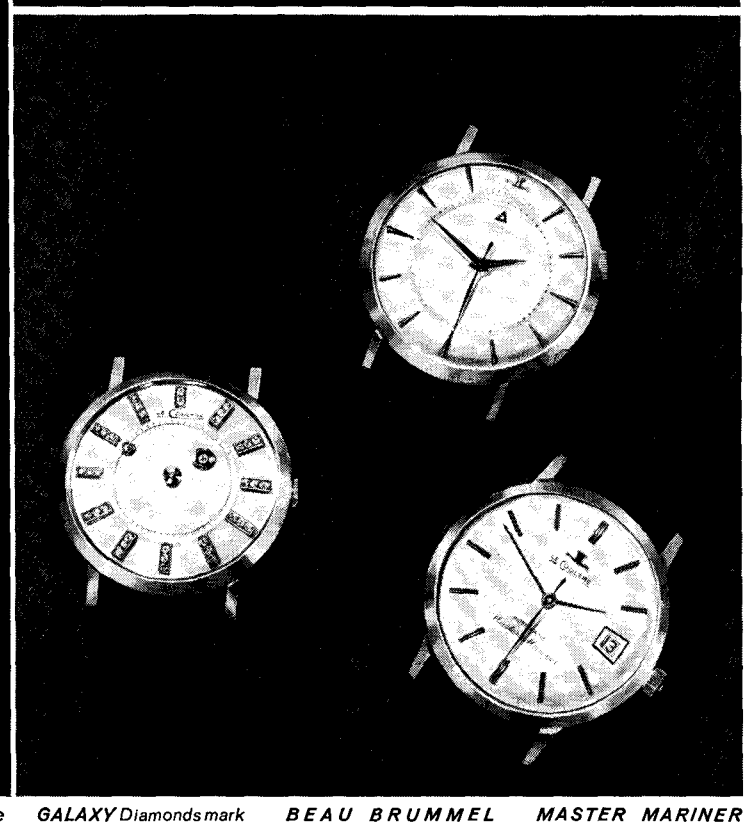




DIAMOND PARISIENNE *Triumph of elegant style! 2 matched diamonds nested in Solid 14K Gold. Facetted synthetic sapphire crystal .....$125.*

CONTINENTAL *Take your choice of yellow or white solid 14K gold. Facetted unbreakable sapphire crystal. $195, others from.....$175 to $1,000.*

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WATCH In The World! *Breathtaking in its flashing, diamond studded beauty. Dainty dial is hidden under the bracelet knot.....$10,000.*



GALAXY *Diamonds mark hours. Solid 14K Gold. 37 matched diamonds...$350, others to.....$759.*

BEAU BRUMMEL ALARM *Built in executive appointment reminder...$79.50 to $165.*

MASTER MARINER ROYALE *Calendar Automatic 18K Gold $235; 14K $195, others from $100.*

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POST

NOVEMBER 30, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 42

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Corruption and bureaucratic ineptitude will nearly double the price of building mammoth new U.S. interstate highways—costing the taxpayers an additional $25 billion. Political hacks have illegally boosted their right-of-way appraisals, some contractors have substituted inferior and even rejected materials, a few state inspectors have traded professional standards for graft. Congressman Jim Wright, a ranking member of the Special Highway Investigating Subcommittee who has spent years fighting the malpractices of road construction, details these incredibly widespread abuses in the largest public-works project in U.S. history.

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The authors. Contributing writer **C. Robert Jennings,** a frequent reporter from the Hollywood scene, profiles the wondrous lady designer who makes the movie stars twinkle. . . . Free-lancer **Muriel Davidson** spent three long days in a marathon conversation with the irrepressible Shirley MacLaine. . . . Contributing writer **Richard Armstrong,** who traveled extensively throughout Latin America early this year, is familiar to *Post* readers for his definitive analysis last summer of Communist infiltration in that area. . . . **John Sherlock,** a free-lance writer who once served as a Claridge's waiter, remembers the hotel's discipline as far more severe than his later tour of duty with the Royal Air Force. . . . **Frank J. Taylor,** who relates the story of trout farmer Bob Erkins, is a free-lance writer. . . . Former professional baseball player **Eliot Asinof** is the author of *Eight Men Out,* the story of the 1919 World Series scandal; he leaves the betting to his 11-year-old son, Martin, who recently won a four-scoop ice-cream cone for picking the Dodgers to win the Series in four straight. . . . Italy-based free-lancer **Charles McCarry** reports on the terrible flood that overcame the villagers of the Piave Valley.

The cover photograph of fur-draped film star Shirley MacLaine was taken on the set of her forthcoming motion picture, *What a Way to Go!*

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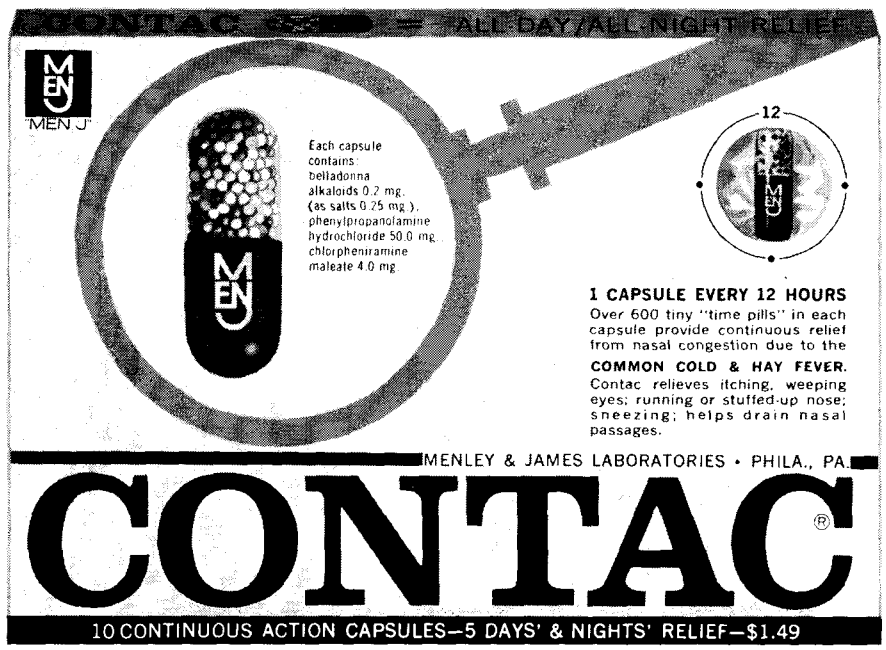
Cold miseries are stubborn. That's why Contac® is too. Over 600 tiny "time pills" in each Contac capsule keep working all day or all night. They stop sneezes, keep you breathing freely, dry runny nose and watery eyes. Contac stays stubbornly on guard. Doesn't let up on relief—because your cold doesn't let up. Nothing else does as much for head cold congestion as the tiny "time pills" in Contac, today's largest-selling cold medication at your pharmacy.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Each capsule contains: belladonna alkaloids 0.2 mg. (as salts 0.25 mg.), phenylpropanolamine hydrochloride 50.0 mg., chlorpheniramine maleate 4.0 mg.
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LETTERS

All about Eve

I thoroughly enjoyed WOMEN ARE PRISONERS OF THEIR SEX by Brigid Brophy [Nov. 2] and agree with Miss Brophy's point of view. I'm a 31-year-old, 6'3" bachelor who works with children, thoroughly enjoys them and finds guiding and nurturing them a fascinating and absorbing task. I know I'll make a good father, and if my wife is a nuclear physicist, Shakespearean actress or architect, I won't resent it at all.

HERMAN B. BOOKJANS
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

• I get the impression that Miss Brophy, upon awaking each morning, makes a mad dash for the trousers and at times finds they are occupied, whereupon she counts that day lost. She should have thought of the possibility that this might happen and remained single.

ORSON E. MUNN
Grand Rapids, Mich.

• I want to remind Miss Brophy and her fellow-emancipators that men have invested great effort and much money searching for ways to relieve women of the burdens of keeping house—and to what avail? When a housewife no longer needs to beat rugs or hang out the clothes, she's apt to spend hours browsing through gossip magazines or changing the color of her hair. Few women have found constructive substitutes for housework.

GARY GRANDE
Whiting, Ind.

• All we happy wives know we aren't equal to men. God needed only one of Adam's ribs to make a woman. Something *has* to be missing.

MRS. L. E. ROBERTS
Ottumwa, Iowa

• Cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing aren't a woman's only job. A woman, particularly a mother, must of necessity be an artist. No cold, stiff paintbrush or inert pen for her—she deals with the marvelous intricacies and quicksilver changes of a living, breathing human being. She must mold this lump of animate clay into a vital masterpiece of humanity.

MRS. JAMES ROATH
Elgin, Ill.

Indonesia's infancy

As one who has spent many years in Asia and much of that time in what is now called Indonesia, I read Jerry A. Rose's INDONESIA'S SUKARNO: THE PURSUIT OF POWER [Nov. 2] with pleased surprise. It is high time the public was told some of the facts about this victim of premature independence. My experience bears out the article except on two points. Mr. Rose says that "Sukarno and the Indonesian people harbor a deep distrust of white-skinned Westerners." If he is referring to the generation which has reached maturity in the past decade he may be correct in his evaluation. But in 1946–47, I was an observer with the armed forces in rebellion against the Dutch and I noted that when the TRI (Tentara Repoeblik Indonesia—the Indonesian Republican Army) or t' Laskar Rakjat (guerrillas formed fr Japanese-trained youth movements) took over a village, the native population fled in terror to the jungle or hills.

Later, when I accompanied Dutch forces, I saw previously abandoned villages suddenly fill with returning refugees who sought food, medical aid and other help from the Dutch with trust and confidence. It is my personal opinion that at least 95 percent of the Indonesian peoples had neither understanding of nor wish for *merdeka*, but submitted to the course of events dictated by Moscow, London and Washington.

Mr. Rose errs in saying that Sukarno spent 13 years in prison. He actually served very few months of the terms to which he was sentenced.

LAWRENCE GRISWOLD
Washington, D.C.

Perils of prediction

"Kennedy has no albatross," writes your man Stewart Alsop [AFFAIRS OF STATE: PRESIDENTS DON'T LOSE. . . . Nov. 2] What's wrong with Cuba as a king-size albatross?

C. R. ROSEBERRY
Albany, N.Y.

• It must be remembered that Eisenhower won his second term after wir ning the first by millions of votes Kennedy was victor by only a little over 100,000. So his chances again can't be compared with those of an Eisenhower or a Roosevelt.

JOHN H. KESSLER
Philadelphia, Pa.

• In early October many Americans would have bet their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor that the Yankees would win the World Series. I would have included my wife in the bet that they wouldn't lose to the Dodgers four straight. But they did. In the same manner Senator Goldwater, if he is nominated and runs for President, may surprise Mr. Alsop.

HENRY M. WOLF, M.D.
Elgin, Iowa

• If I were Kennedy, I wouldn't rely too heavily upon Alsop's opinion. Given a chance, Barry can outrun Jack with both hands tied behind his back. He has that extra something.

AUTREY HICKMAN
Ingalls, Ark.

• Concerning Mr. Alsop's piece, we *will* still count the ballots, won't we?

LAURA JEAN MCDONALD
Los Angeles, Calif.

Supercarrier survival

Here's praise for the fine work of Robert K. Massie and John Launois on FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL OF THE SUPERCARRIER [Nov. 2]. The text and pictures tell the carrier's story effectively and meaningfully. It is a thorough roundup of the issues surrounding the aircr carrier, and must be considered one the important military articles of th year.

W. P. MACK, *Rear Admiral, USN*
Washington, D.C.

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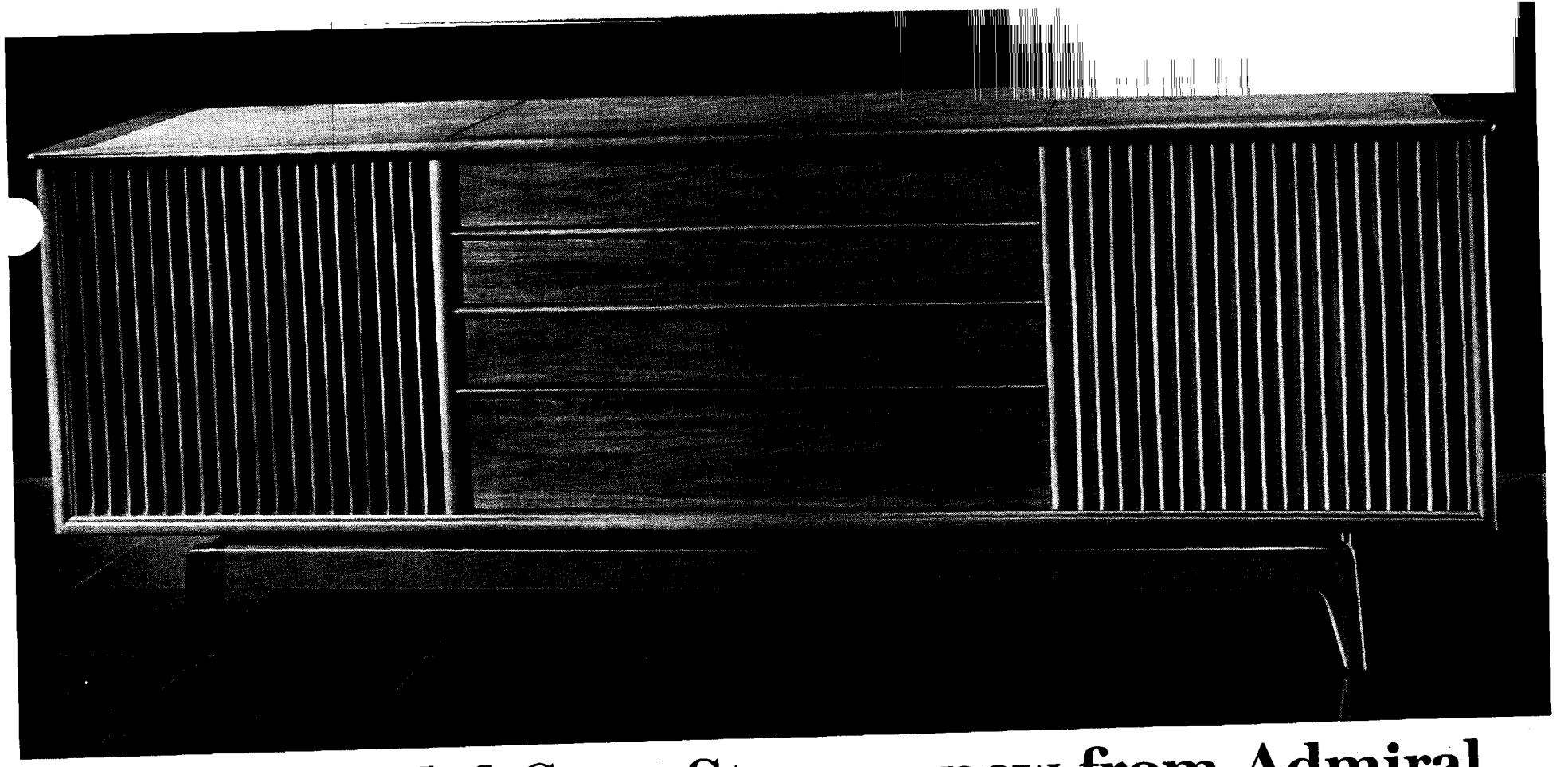


250 watt Solid State Stereo...new from Admiral

Most stereo power ever...<u>with no tubes</u>

Most realistic sound ever...with push-button ease!

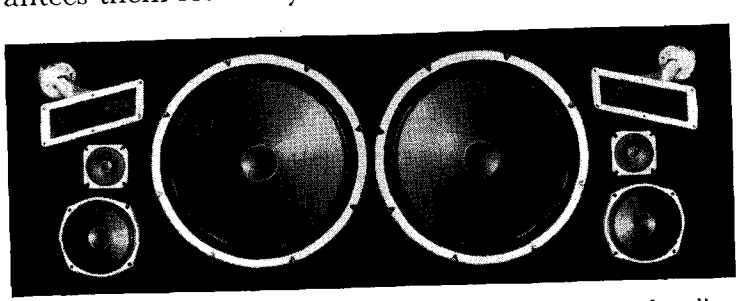
Here is the most startling advance in sound realism since stereo itself. 46 solid state transistors and diodes replace all tubes...not just those in the amplifier, but every single tube in the sound system.

With this new system, Admiral creates 250 watts of power...the most ever in a stereo console. This tremendous power, missing in ordinary stereo, brings you a sound so beautifully real that words cannot describe it. You must hear it.

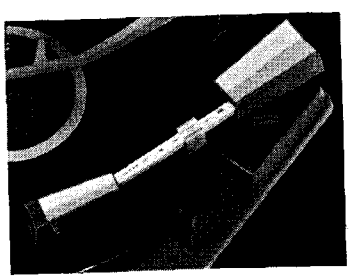
The new Admiral solid state amplifier, pre-amplifier and FM/AM stereo multiplex radio tuner are so reliable that Admiral guarantees them for five years*...instead of the usual 90 days.

Completely new...from the inside out! New feather-light Vari-Gram tone arm has a "custom touch" slide to adjust stylus pressure from 0 to 5 grams. You use the least pressure necessary for maximum fidelity, minimum record wear. Professional audio control center...with push-button tuning. Handcrafted 75-inch cabinet of selected woods with 8 speakers...gives greatest sound separation in console stereo!

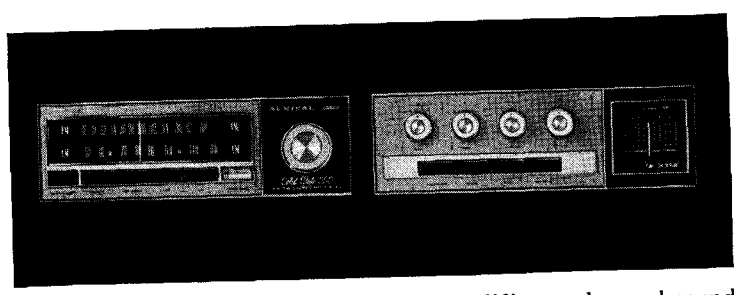
Now, for the first time, actually *feel* the full impact of "live" sound realism. Hear Admiral Solid State Stereo now...at your quality Admiral dealer.



New Admiral 8-speaker sound system creates thrilling sound realism with the greatest stereo separation ever achieved in a home console. Included in the eight perfectly matched and balanced speakers are: two exponential horns for the finest purity of highs...two 3½" tweeters for brighter "brilliance" of treble tones...two 6" mid-range speakers for outstanding, life-like "presence"...and two giant 15" woofers for rich, deep bass tones. This new 8-speaker system with Admiral designed cross-over network...brings you the most spectacular sound ever heard from a console stereo instrument.



New Admiral "Vari-Gram" Tone Arm—lets you custom-adjust stylus pressure from 0 to 5 grams. Tracks any record with maximum fidelity, minimum sound distortion and record wear. Records last over 3,000 plays! Balanced 4-pole motor. Professional turntable.



New Admiral Solid State Tuner and Amplifier—advanced sound systems without a single tube. The new Solid State 250-watt amplifier, pre-amplifier and FM/AM stereo multiplex tuner create amazing sound realism instantly. No warm up! No damaging heat! No sound distortion! Professional controls include complete push-button tuning ...large, lighted control panels...visual balance indicator and tuning meter. Enjoy long-distance AM reception, static-free FM stereo multiplex with AFC to automatically "lock in" stations, automatic bass and treble boost!

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***5 year warranty:** Admiral warrants each new solid state stereophonic instrument to be free from defects in factory workmanship or material under normal use for 90 days after date of sale to consumer; the FM/AM/FM stereo multiplex radio tuner, pre-amplifier and amplifier are so warranted for five years. Admiral obligation is limited to supplying suitable replacement parts. The warranty is effective only if the instrument is registered with Admiral within ten days after date of sale to consumer.

Shown above: The Kingshaven, Model Y6191. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

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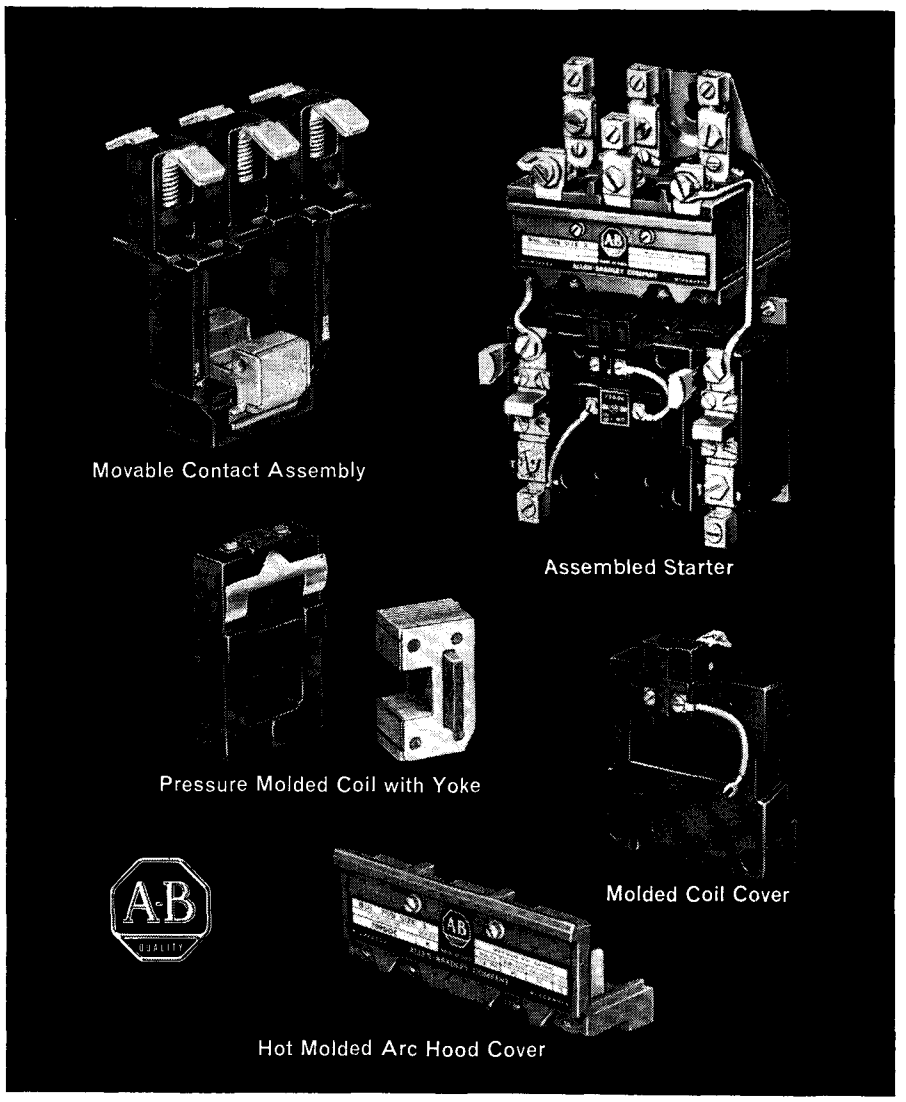
believe it or not...

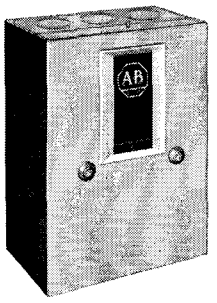
the 5 units shown below are assembled into the open type starter, shown at the right, in less than 5 minutes blindfolded!



trouble free simplicity

Important! It is impossible to assemble the basic units incorrectly—they are all "keyed." Also, whether working with a Size 0 starter or a Size 5, the units are the same—except for size. Do you know of any other starter quite so simple?

We have named only two of the many "plus values" designed into the Series K control. For the complete story, please consult your nearest A-B distributor, or write today for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.



BULLETIN 709 Size 1 Series K Motor Starter. Ratings available from Size 00 at 1-1/2 hp, 220 v; 2 hp, 440-550 v, to Size 5 at 100 hp, 220 v; 200 hp, 440-550 v.

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LETTERS

• An anonymous admiral says, "We stopped the Russians in Cuba with surface seapower." Actually, airpower can just as logically, perhaps more logically, be cited as the "reason" for our Cuba successes.

BEN GOLDMAN
Hampton, Va.

• The cost of operating the carrier is minimal compared to the cost of rebuilding an atom-bombed city. The Russians respect the American carrier. Let's not go through another Midway to prove their worth.

DAVID A. HINSON
Atlanta, Ga.

Road, track and death

With reference to A. J. FOYT: THE HARD, LONELY LIFE OF A CHAMPION DRIVER [by Bill Libby, Nov. 2], how can you compare Mr. Foyt to Stirling Moss or any other Grand Prix driver? Foyt merely tears around and around the monotonous American track; Moss raced over twisting roads and ripped through towns. European racing so far excels American that I was shocked to see them mentioned in the same article.

ROBERT HAWLEY
Deerfield, Mass.

• Admittedly there are elements of risk in track and road racing, but there is much more to the sport than being a convenient stage for presenting the characters, Man, Fear and Death. I would relish publication of stories entitled, say, "Death Wish and the Deer Hunter" or football, boxing, mountain climbing, pleasure flying or Sunday driving. More people die doing most of these things than in all forms of automotive competition around the world.

CHARLES BENNETT WOLFE
St. Louis, Mo.

Growing up

Is it necessary to clutter your magazine with such articles as BABY DOLL GROWS UP [by Richard Warren Lewis, Nov. 2]? Approximately 15 million high school youths are growing up, too. Is Caroll Baker the ideal to be placed before these young people?

MARJORIE HOLTEL
Norwood, Ohio

Hallucinogens

It is pathetic that our sick generation must rely on drugs to have an Experience [THE DANGEROUS MAGIC OF LSD by John Kobler, Nov. 2]. Ironically it is the use of drugs which cuts us off from many experiences, such as childbirth, death and pain.

MARCIE LEITZKE
Bonduel, Wisc.

• "The Experience" has been described in detail by Dr. Richard M. Bucke in a book written many years ago called *Cosmic Consciousness*, and none of the many instances he cites, including Jesus Christ and Gautama the Buddha, are dependent on hallucinogens. This means that the Experience is not a mere trick of the test tube.

ADAM C. DIXON
Randolph, Vt.

COMING SOON...in The Post

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THE DO-WRONG CONGRESS
and
THE BOBBY BAKER CASE

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More ingenious, more expensive

The troubled comeback of
JUDY GARLAND

Walter Reuther:
"WE CAN MAKE THE RUSSIANS DISARM"

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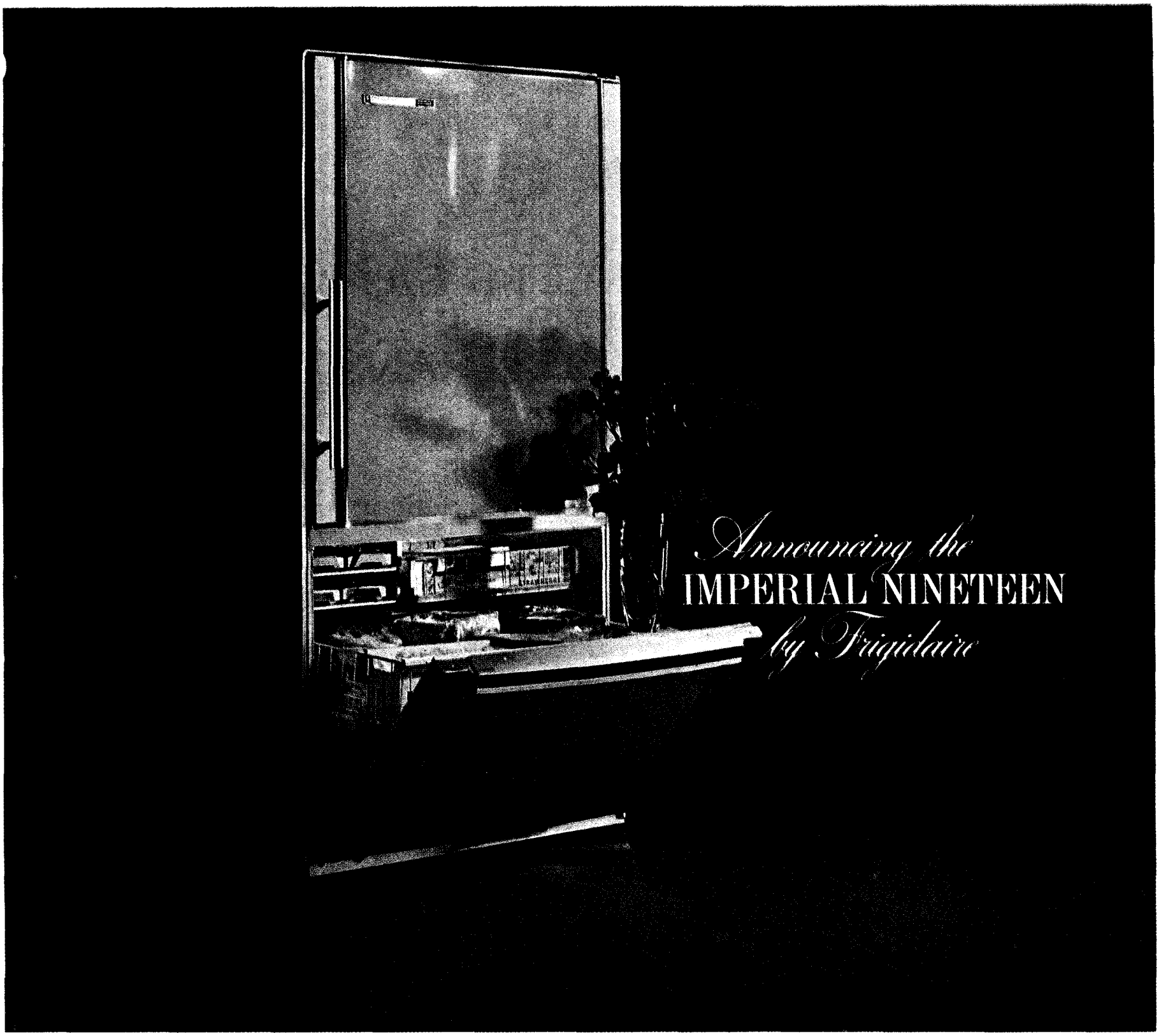

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SPEAKING OUT

The voice of dissent

Mr. Neilan, a Delaware banker, is the plain-talking president of the United States Chamber of Commerce. He served 39 months on active duty with the Navy during World War II.

LET'S SAY NO TO THE VETERANS

By Edwin P. Neilan

An ex-serviceman charges that the veterans' lobby, with the help of vote-hungry congressmen, is seeking a shockingly unwarranted billion-dollar handout. The result, he says, will be to penalize deserving veterans.

It's time we stopped treating America's 22 million veterans as a privileged group. This is not to say that we should turn our backs on men whose health was harmed in the nation's service or on the families of those who died for their country. Care for these people is a bedrock American tradition. *As a group*, however, veterans have no God-given right to special consideration.

Yet Congress, urged on by the powerful veterans' lobby, has given veterans all manner of benefits—$106 billion worth since 1945. Six cents of our tax dollar goes to sustain the vast and incredible veterans' program. And the lobbyists are pressing for more.

The veterans' lobby, of course, is not the only lobby in Washington, nor are the veterans the only group taking handouts. A great many Americans expect their representatives in Washington to get them their share of the federal giveaways. There is guilt enough in this situation to touch us all—farmers, subsidy-prone businessmen, scientists, do-gooders—and on previous occasions I have said so.

Last August, before the National Press Club, I labeled the buying and selling of votes in our modern spoils system as "seduction by subsidy." I called it a bigger scandal than the one centering around Christine Keeler, the London party girl. My speech stirred up considerable indignation, especially in Congress, but I stick to what I said. Plunder has become so prevalent in American political life that it would be difficult to name the worst offenders—were it not for the blatant and outrageous maneuver called veterans' benefits.

Take, for example, the pension bill now in the House of Representatives—H.R. 2332, introduced by Rep. Winfield K. Denton of Indiana. This bill is the work of a recently formed organization called the Veterans of World War I of the U.S.A., Inc. Its members are called the Wonnies. Under the measure they propose, every 90-day veteran of World War I who was not dishonorably discharged would get $100 a month, tax-free—unless he makes more than $2,400 a year if single, or $3,600 if married. He could work full time, have no disability and still be eligible for the pension.

True, $2,400 to $3,600 a year isn't much to live on; for millions of elderly Americans such income means something close to poverty. The easy argument is that they could use the money, so why not let them have it? But that argument is deceptive. If low-income veterans of World War I should be helped, why shouldn't low-income, elderly nonveterans? If a federal handout is justifiable for the one group—and it isn't—why not for the other? This double standard—this discrimination in favor of veterans—is at the very heart of the veterans' benefits scandal. The veterans, because they are organized, get the money. Yet the basic problems—ones extending far beyond the matter of who wore a uniform when—remain.

And that is not all that is wrong with the Wonnies bill. Like most veterans' legislation, it is very loosely written. It has, in fact, more opportunities for hanky-panky than a tunnel of love. One of the flaws is that the income ceiling is false. All sorts of extra income are not counted. The Veterans' Affairs Committee staff estimates that a pensioner could qualify with a family income more than $3,000 higher than the median income of families headed by 65-year-olds. It works out to mean that, since veterans as a group are economically above average, almost one million pensioners would be paid in part from the taxes of 23 million Americans who have less money than the pensioners themselves.

At present, there are 1,400,000 World War I veterans and dependents who, having passed a strict test of need, are getting pensions of about $80 a month. The Wonnies bill would raise their pensions to $100 a month. But the Wonnies bill would also give $100 monthly to 700,000 who cannot pass the need test. About two thirds of the money would go to people in this second category.

H.R. 2332—remember it—combines just about every defect of past legislation for veterans. It proposes an open-door policy for a special group that has already handsomely benefited, to the average sum of over $7,400 per individual. It aims a crippling blow at the sensible principle that benefits should be paid only for service-connected disabilities, for unemployability and for need. It adds about 700,000 pensioners to the World War I roster which now stands above the million mark. The first year's cost would be $1.3 billion, and the total cost by the year 2000 would reach $19.6 billion, according to Veterans Administration estimates. If the same "right" were extended to the nearly 20 million veterans of World War II and Korea (and, with the door opened, why not?), the cost would go to $60 billion.

"If this bill is enacted," says Chairman Olin E. Teague (Texas) of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee, "vast numbers of nonservice-connected pensioners would be accorded better treatment than millions of service-connected [World War II and Korean War] veterans, widows and orphans."

"It is a cruel hoax," says Rep. William H. Ayres (Ohio), the committee's ranking minority member, "played by the greedy upon the needy."

The lobbyists sing a different song. Edward J. Neron, commander of the Wonnies, says the handouts, "distributed throughout the entire United States, go a long way to bolster the economy." The Veterans of Foreign Wars are endorsing a pension grab similar to the Wonnies bill as well as a host of other benefit legislation. And, while neither supporting nor opposing the Wonnies bill, American Legion Commander James E. Powers this year asked for more veterans' pensions, death benefits, burial benefits, life insurance, disability benefits, homes and hospitals. "It is our conviction," says Powers, "that the veterans' program is neither excessive nor extravagant."

Powers and the other commanders brush over the matter of the cost of their programs but are quick to give congressmen exact figures on their organizations' large and growing memberships.

The aghast taxpayer may ask, "Does a monstrosity like the Wonnies bill have a prayer of passage?" Yes. A peculiarity of veterans' bills is that the more inclusive and extravagant they are, the better they seem to prosper. Past Congresses have already tipped the cornucopia of welfarism to provide veterans with cash bonuses, job preference under Civil Service, education, housing, rehabilitation, medical care, personal loans, cemeteries, burial allowances, and legacies for widows, orphans and dependent parents.

Of course, the 80 million Americans who make up veterans' families are only two fifths of the population, and congressmen are leery of agitating the other three fifths. On the horns of this dilemma, lawmakers often behave strangely. When the lobby is watching, as it is on a petition to bring a bad bill out of committee, or on a roll call, a surprising number of conservative, responsible legislators record their

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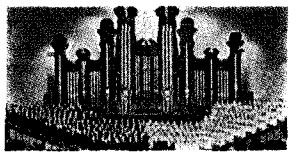

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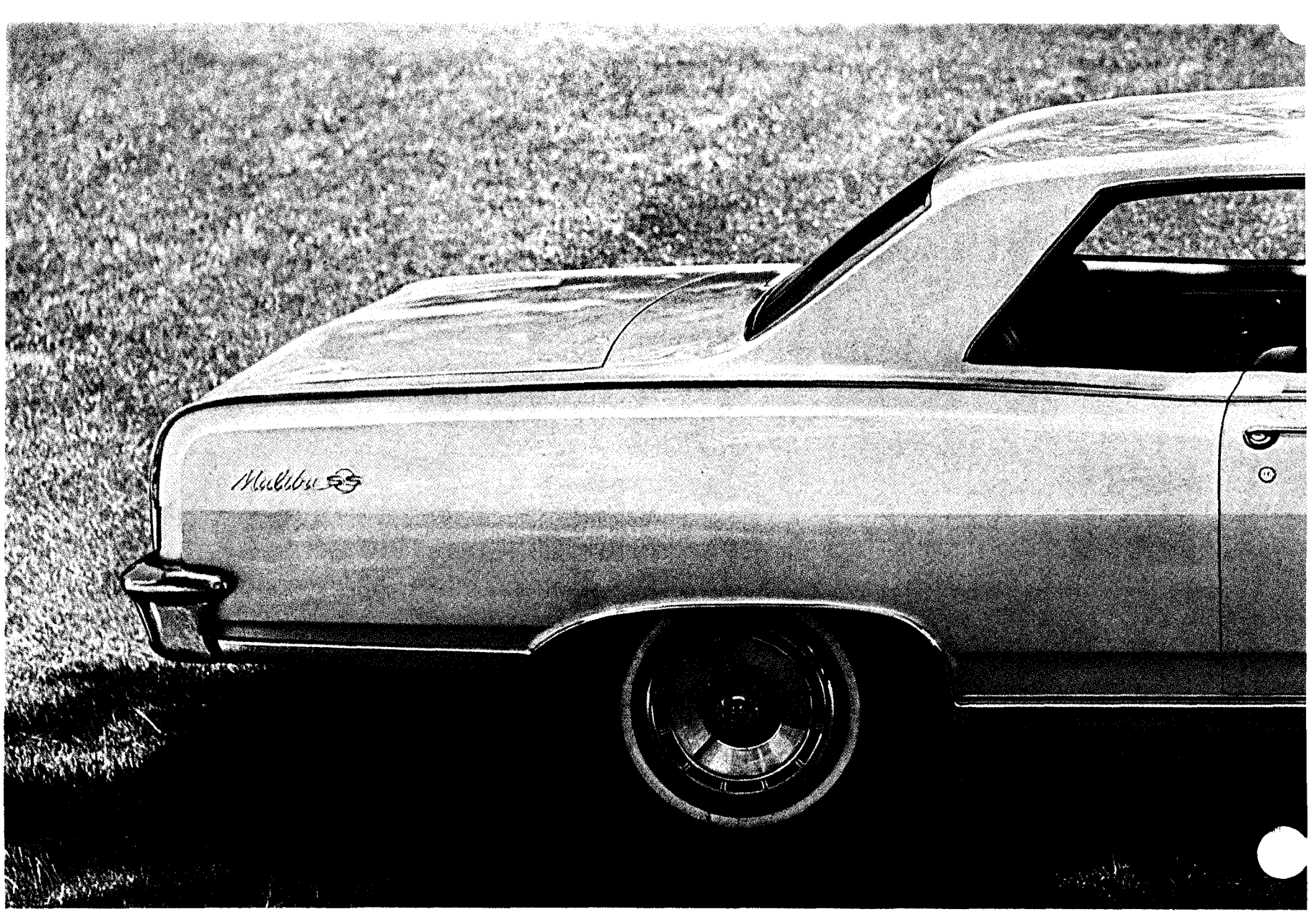
CHEVELLE!



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shoulders, legs and luggage. There's a big-car choice of engines, too. An economical six or ırging 195-hp V8 is standard, while optional extra-cost high-output Six and V8 are also available. Chevelle shares such practical Chevrolet easy-care features as self-adjusting brakes, Delcotron generator, protective inner front fenders and air-washed rocker panels that help keep rust away. Its Full Coil suspension provides Chevrolet's traditional fine-car ride and handling. ∾ All eleven eye-catching models—sedans, coupes, convertibles, station wagons and Super Sports—are surprisingly within your reach. Ask your Chevrolet dealer just *how* surprisingly. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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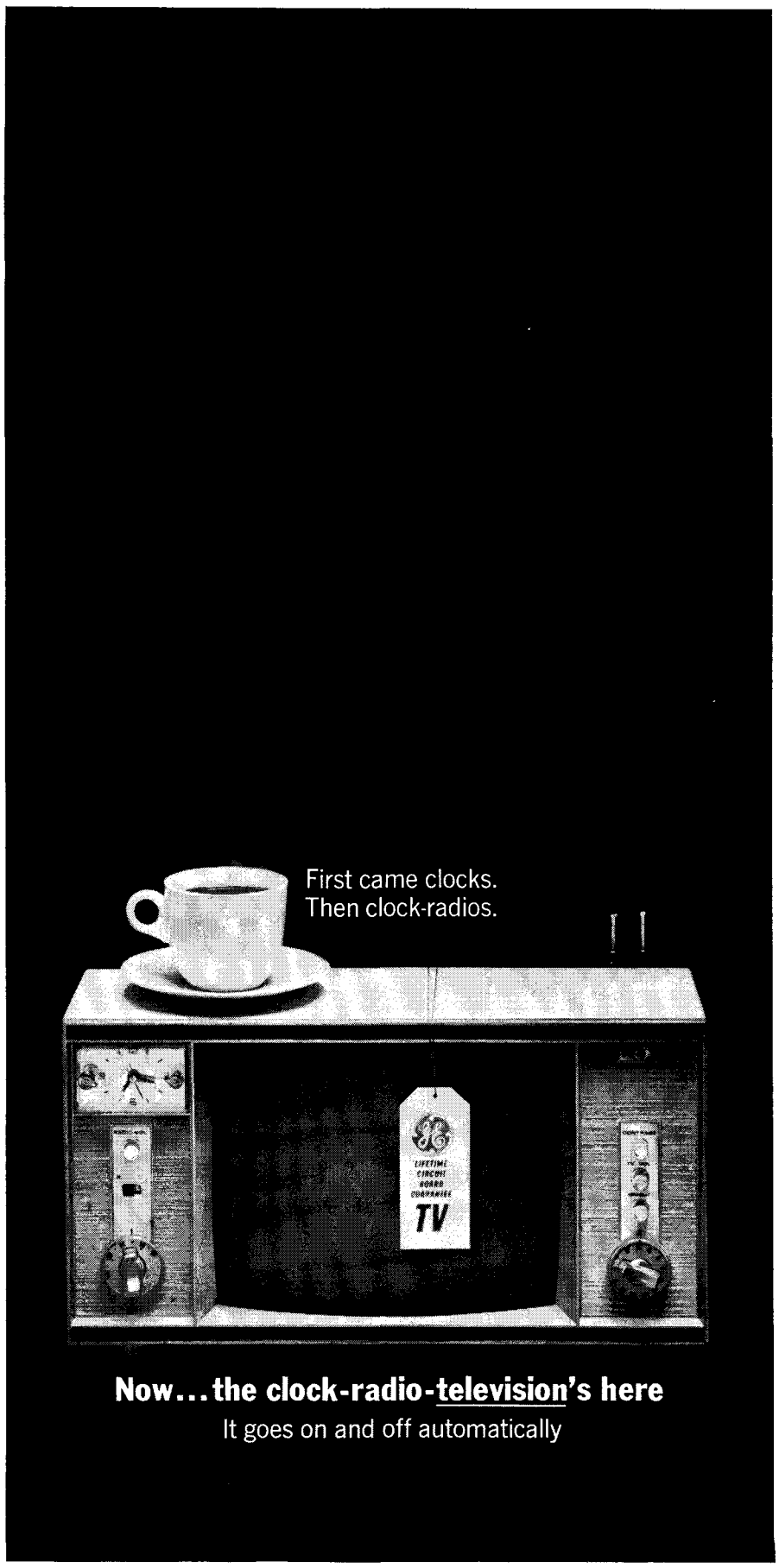

(And its etched-circuit board is guaranteed for life*). Set this compact 18½-pound beauty by your bed. Let it lull you to sleep with radio *or* 11″ TV (diag. meas.), then shut itself off automatically. Next morning it can turn itself back on to wake you. It's even equipped with private earphones for considerate late-movie fans. Perfect for desktop and kitchen televiewing too. (Do you know a more entertaining way to time the spaghetti sauce?)

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

SPEAKING OUT

vote for the handouts. Representatives John J. Rhodes (Ariz.), Joel T. Broyhill (Va.), William C. Cramer (Fla.), Ben F. Jensen (Iowa), and even the highly regarded William Scranton, Republican governor of Pennsylvania, have backed pension grabs within the last few years.

As an example of how a conservative and able politician sometimes reacts on veterans' benefits, take freshman Rep. Ed Foreman of Texas. Last April the House was considering a small bill of $11,000 to cover 20 veterans with service-connected aphonia—loss of voice. Foreman paid respect to "many of my best friends" in veterans' organizations, but in this case, where only a few voters were involved, he declared himself "just frugal and conservative enough to be concerned over an additional dollar in our budget as I am of millions of dollars." He voted against the measure.

Chairman Teague, who had heard such sentiments voiced many times before, said he sincerely hoped that "my good friend from Texas, as we go down the road in this Congress and we get bills involving billions, will take the same attitude." Teague was skeptical, and his skepticism seemed justified when, six months later, Representative Foreman put his name to a petition to discharge the billion-dollar Wonnie bill—involving a great number of voters—from the committee pigeonhole.

Loose language is the rule in the legislation that does pass. To get free treatment for a non-service-connected ailment at veterans' hospitals, an ex-serviceman must swear that he can't afford to pay. So perjury becomes routine, and, because the law is badly written, cheaters are seldom prosecuted. Hence 85 percent of the VA patients have non-service disabilities.

The administration of the legislation is as loose as the language. A Hoover Commission task force in 1949 found VA patients averaged 15 days in bed for a tonsillectomy as against less than two days for patients in private hospitals. Even at that there are generally more empty beds than patients in VA hospitals, if only because most of the patients are ambulatory. Some administrators concede that there is no real effort to ward off the habitual malingerers who come in to rest up, dry out or merely to find company.

Recently VA was goaded by the General Accounting Office into making a review of compensation and pension cases on the books between 1954 and 1962. This self-inspection proved damaging. It resulted in the cutting off of 83,695 payments. The majority of those whose payments were stopped were persons who had long ago recovered from whatever ailed them. But as many as 28,346 cases should never have been receiving compensation or pensions in the first place.

Every now and then the House Veterans' Committee will take a spot check. The details of name and place are off the record, but I can give a composite example from actual case histories I've been allowed to examine. An old veteran with a $20,000 house, $12,000 in other property, $30,000 in ready assets and an income of $279 a month comes to a VA hospital and claims inability to pay. He is admitted to stay for 12 days but remains for 26. There are scores of such cases. Some of them are genuinely pitiful, if only because illness in old age is pitiful. But they represent the much-too-general attitude that the government owes us whatever we can manage to get for free. One of the commonest complaints of these old codgers who come in for VA care is, "You wouldn't want me to cash i my bonds, would you?"

Well, some distinctions are due. Perhaps it's right that the government should err on the side of humaneness. But surely we should try to unload the freeloaders and should prevent new ones from getting fresh benefits. We must do this, if for no other reason, so that we can continue to be generous to those who deserve help.

The debt of honor which we owe to the disabled, and to the widows and orphans of those lost in combat or in training for combat, is not a matter of charity. It is a matter of justice. We at the National Chamber of Commerce took the lead in publicizing and pushing the reforms that were recommended in the Hoover Reports. For this we were condemned by the veterans' organizations. Even though I am a veteran myself, with 39 months' active duty in World War II, I expect the same abuse for writing this article.

Negative criticism is necessary, but so is some constructive discussion. In 1956 a presidential commission headed by Gen. Omar Bradley suggested a phased changeover which would not take anything away from the veterans but would eventually put their payments under Social Security. The idea is commendable for its recognition of the plain fact that veterans should not be considered as a privileged class. Awards we make to ex-service people should be based on the merits of the individual case.

Abolish VA hospitals

I would go further than the Bradley Report, and I would propose more urgency. Right now is the time to begin some reforms. I see no reason why disabled veterans should continue to have a separate hospital system. If their disabilities are service-incurred, they should be supplied with federally financed beds and care in local institutions—at huge savings in administrative costs and, of course, in just plain efficiency.

I doubt if there is real justification for the Veterans Administration to remain in the multiple business of insurance, housing, education and whatnot. Surely these duties, if they're important, could be absorbed by other government or private agencies. In order to thwart the pressure groups and streamline the law-making function, I would propose that the House Veterans' Committee be abolished and reconstituted as subcommittees of the Ways and Means and the Appropriations committees.

To the lobbyists, these measures will seem stern. But the situation calls for ruthless removal of those temptations to raid the taxpayers' purse which congressmen, bureaucrats and large groups of citizens are demonstrably unable to resist.

Our veterans population is aging, but not decreasing. Thousands of new pensioners are enrolled every month. Moreover, Congress is now beginning to think in terms of benefits to Cold War "veterans." The prospect is that, unless we take strong preventive measures, an enormous number of Americans will come to depend on handouts, and our economy will be bizarrely and ruinously altered.

The creeping, demoralizing monste governmental paternalism must be halte and destroyed. Only an informed, aroused, indignant public opinion can bring this about. THE END

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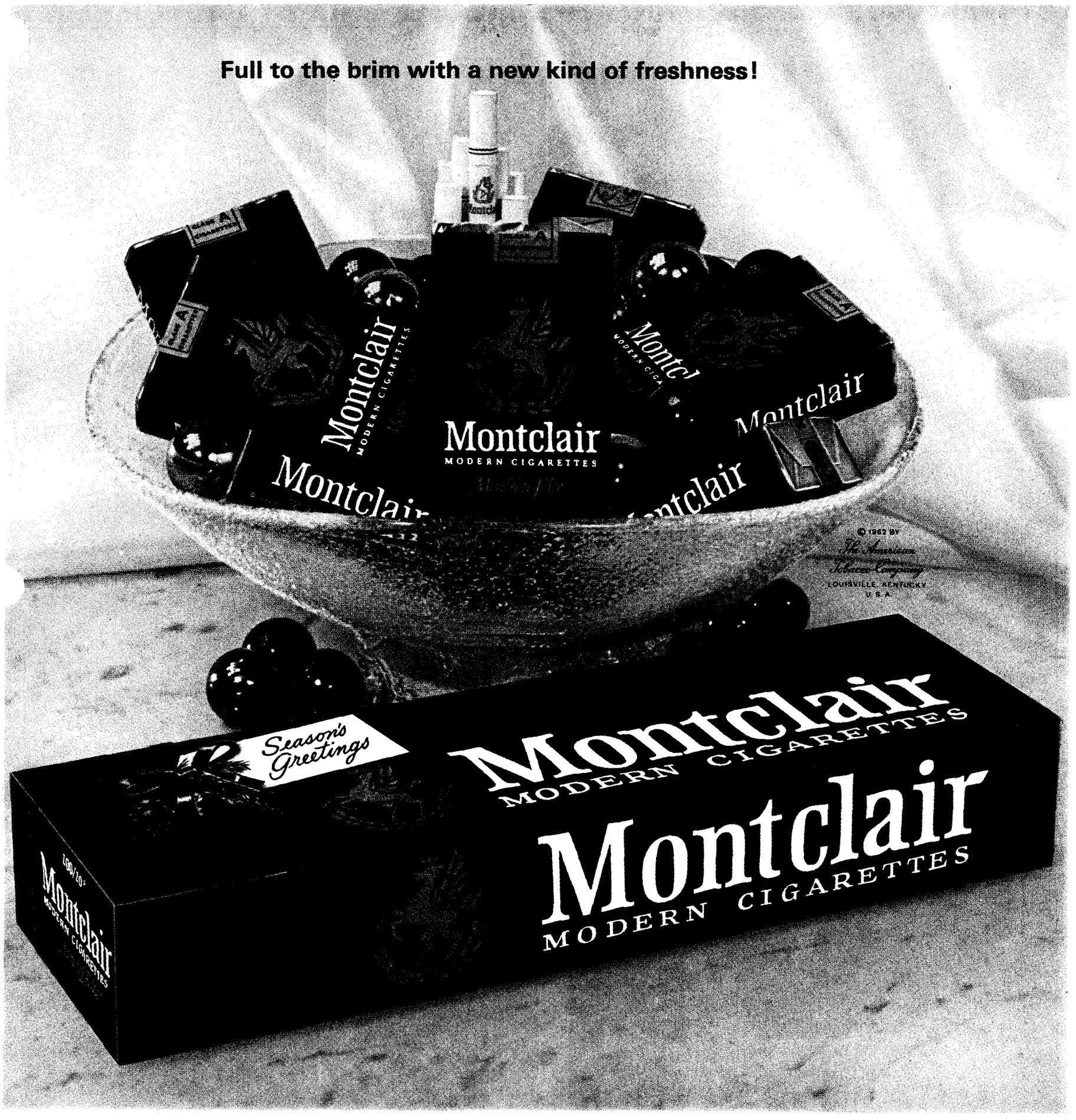

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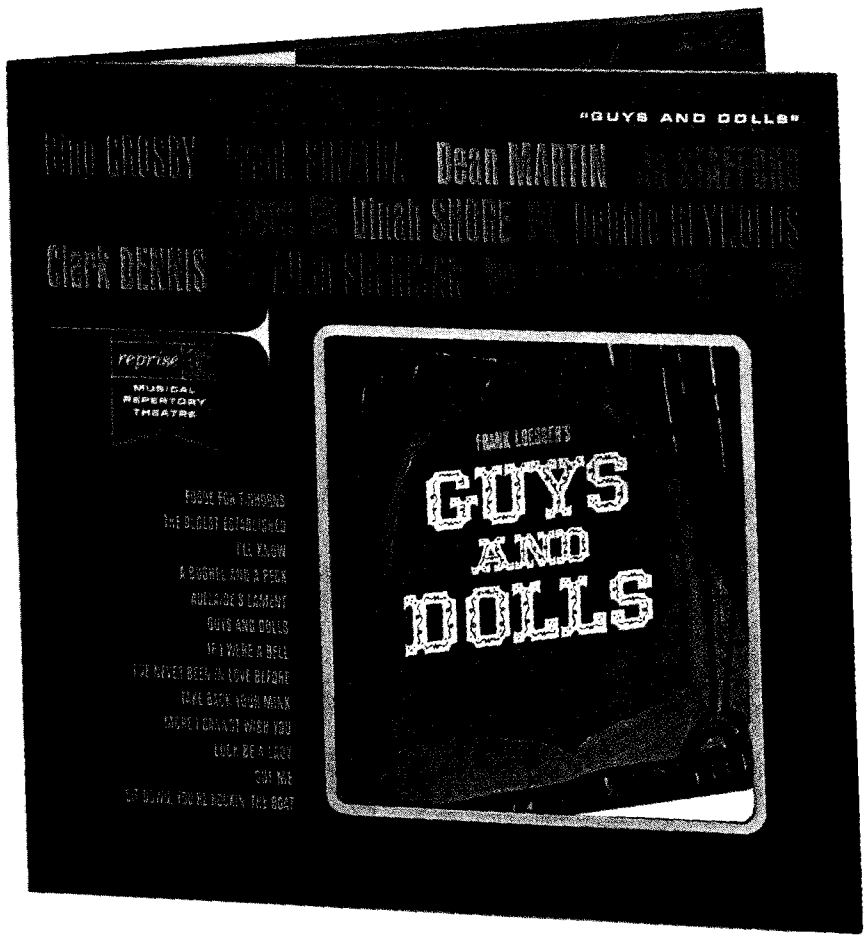

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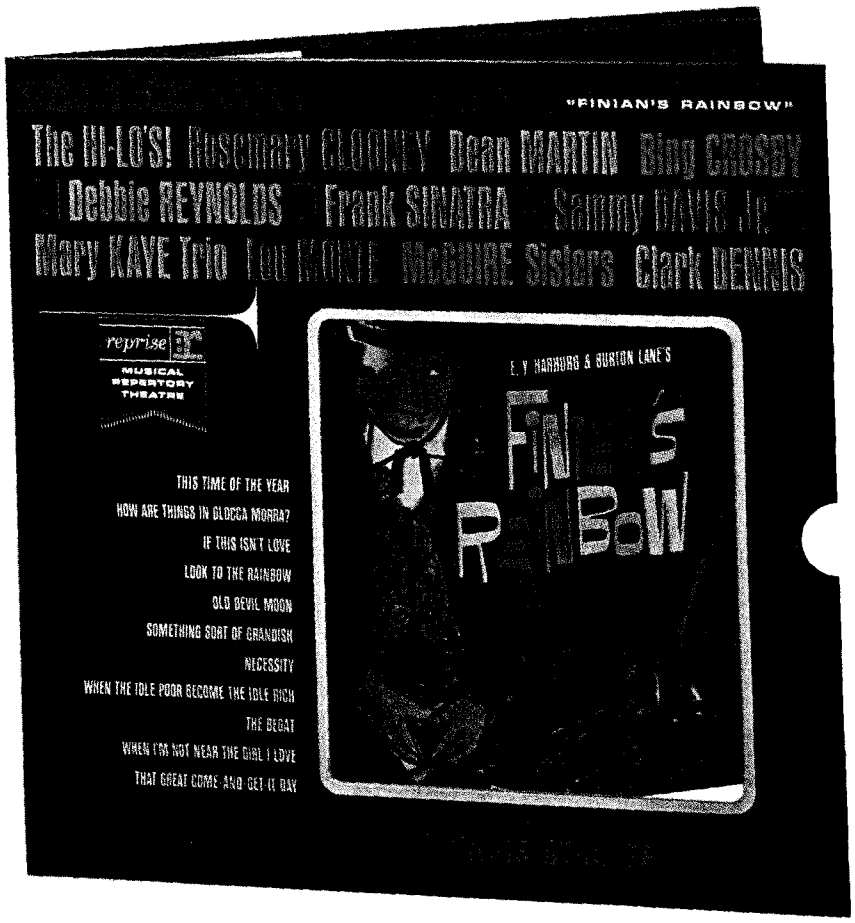

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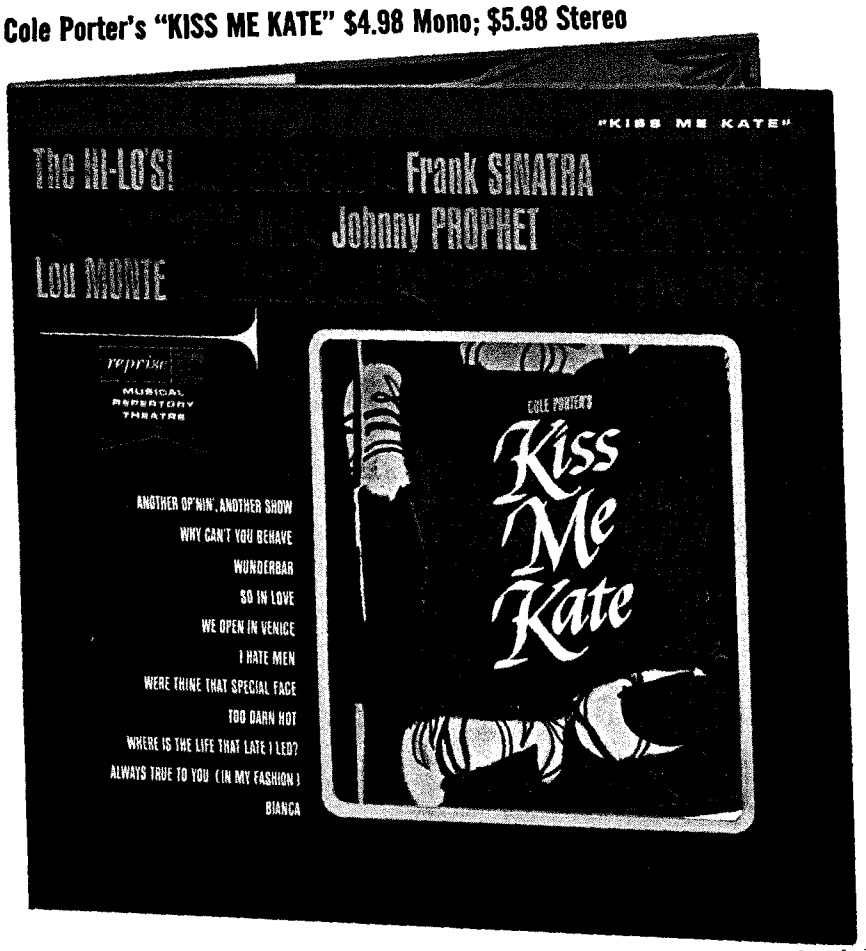

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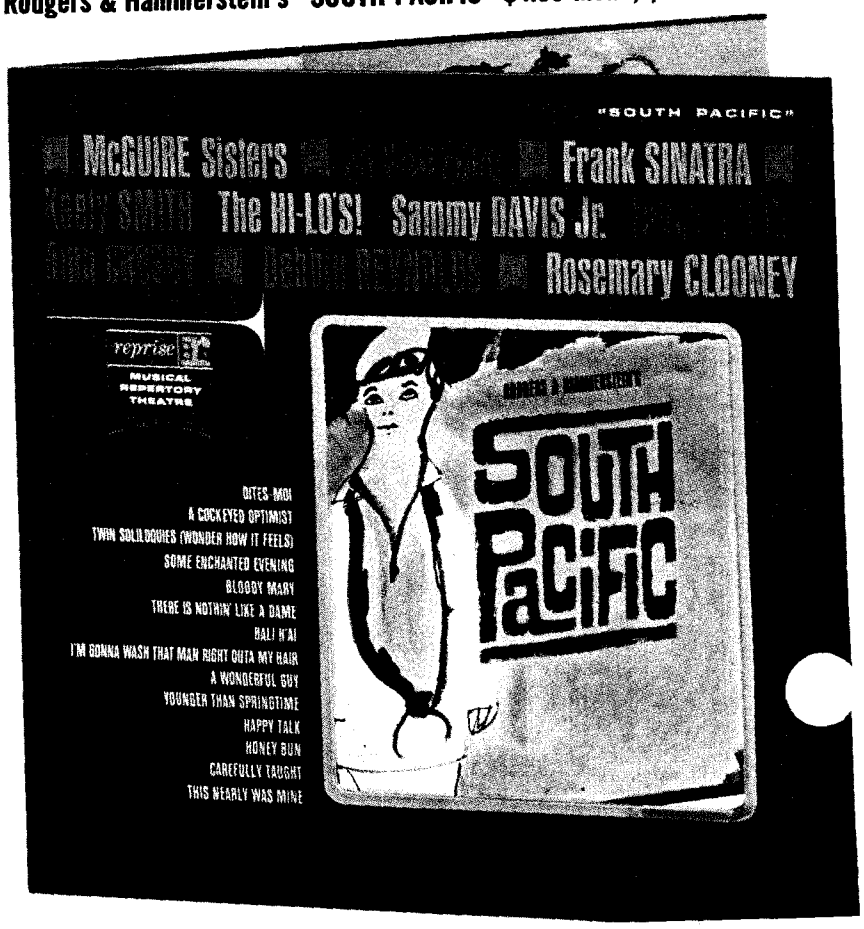

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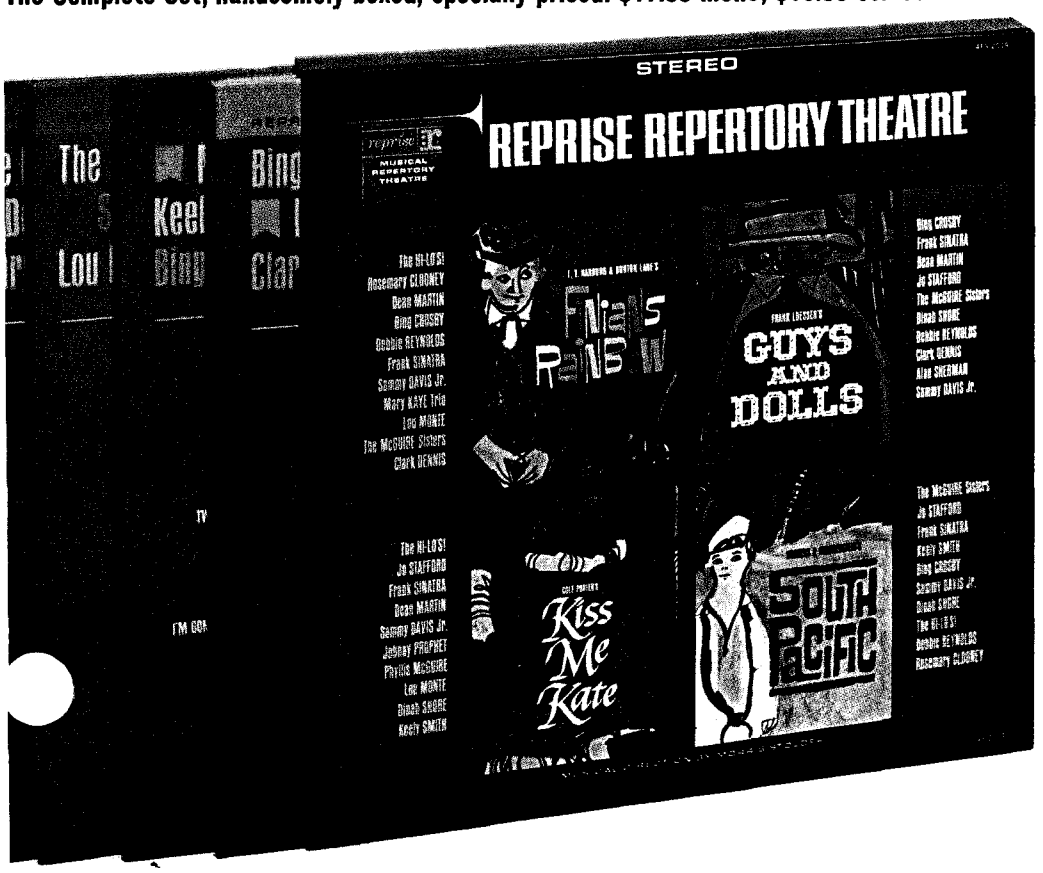

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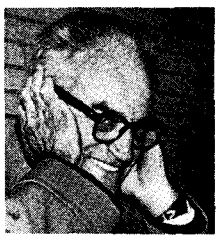
The goofiness of American politics



WASHINGTON: This country's method of choosing its Presidents is just plain goofy. The goofiness of our way of President-picking was brought forcibly home to this reporter during a couple of recent trips to New Hampshire to watch the two leading Republican contenders in action there.

New Hampshire is a small, totally atypical state consisting almost entirely of hills covered with second-growth woods. About 100,000 New Hampshire Republicans will come out of the woods to vote in the presidential primary next March. Close to 70 million Americans are expected to vote in next year's presidential elections. Yet a couple of thousand New Hampshirites may well decide what Republican candidate the 70 million have a chance to vote for.

Suppose a bit over 50 percent of the New Hampshire Republicans vote for Gov. Nelson Rockefeller and his slate of delegates. One can imagine the headlines: ROCKY TRIUMPHS. STUNNING SETBACK FOR GOLDWATER. Suppose a bit over 50 percent vote the other way around. The headlines: ROCKEFELLER WASHED UP. BARRY CLINCHES NOMINATION.

The headlines, moreover, will be accurate. If Rockefeller loses the New Hampshire primary, and if he wishes to avoid the awful fate of Harold Stassen, he will immediately withdraw from the race. But if Rockefeller beats Goldwater even by the tiniest margin, the nomination will be up for grabs. Rockefeller will at least become a serious candidate again, and Goldwater will at least become a stoppable candidate. All this as a consequence of the way the merest handful of New Hampshirites vote next March. Surely a goofy system.

What makes the system goofier still is that all sorts of small factors, which have very little to do with what kind of chief executive Rockefeller or Goldwater might make, may determine the outcome. For example, there is Happy's smile.

On one point all reporters who have covered Nelson Rockefeller's recent forays into the hinterlands agree. The second Mrs. Rockefeller, if only she had been the first Mrs. Rockefeller, would be an absolutely ideal wife for a presidential candidate. And if anyone can overcome the politically unhappy circumstances of the divorce and remarriage, it is Happy Rockefeller.

"Why, she's so *nice*," the ladies murmur, obviously amazed. Happy's smile, which is wide, warm and unforced, is certainly a major Rockefeller asset. Since a President's performance in the White House is not greatly affected by his wife's smile, it ought not to be an asset, but it is.

Another factor which might affect the outcome is that Rockefeller has learned how to make a speech. An aide explained why he speaks so much better than he ever has before. "The Governor," he said, "has licked the reading problem."

Rockefeller, it seems, was one of the first victims of a "progressive" education. As a result, he never learned to read properly—when he reads a speech, it sounds as though it had been written in some vaguely familiar foreign language. The reading problem has been licked by a simple device—Rockefeller no longer reads his speeches. He half-memorizes them, taking copious notes in his own handwriting.

Despite inevitable bobbles, he is now a first-rate speaker. Again, the fact that Rockefeller has "licked the reading problem" has very little bearing on what kind of President he might make. But it has measurably improved his chance of winning in New Hampshire.

The fact is that Rockefeller does have a chance of winning in New Hampshire, although it continues to look like an outside chance. Happy's smile and the licking of the reading problem are not the only reasons he has a chance. There are other reasons, which are inherent in the situation of Sen. Barry Goldwater.

On his first foray into New Hampshire, Goldwater was met at the airport by teen-agers carrying banners with such strange devices as BARRY LOVES BOMBS, TAKE THE RED OUT OF THE AMERICAN FLAG, and PRIMITIVES DON'T NEED FOREIGN AID. An argument developed among the reporters. Were these kids authentic members of the pro-Goldwater Young Americans for Freedom? Or was the demonstration an anti-Goldwater spoof?

Presumably it was a spoof, though no one seemed to be sure. But those signs suggest why, for a great many years now, every presidential candidate who has been nominated by either party has been, unlike Goldwater, a middle-of-the-roader, all things to all men. Goldwater became a serious candidate in the first place just because he was *not* a middle-of-the-roader. If he had not loudly stated all sorts of unusual opinions, no one would have paid any attention to this junior senator from a state with four electoral votes. Goldwater has very great personal charm, but no politician becomes a leading presidential candidate on charm alone.

Now that he is a serious candidate, the opinions which made him a serious candidate are coming back to haunt him. Rockefeller has set up a "study group" headed by former New Hampshire Rep. Perkins Bass, which is now culling over the several million words which Goldwater wrote or uttered before he became a serious candidate.

The first result was Rockefeller's attack on Goldwater's suggestion that the United States should get out of the United Nations, which forced Goldwater into an untypically defensive retort. There will be further results. To cite one example, the Rockefeller study group particularly likes Goldwater's remark about how the East Coast ought to be "sliced off and set adrift." The remark, which Goldwater has made more than once, makes a good joke in Arizona. The joke is not so good in New Hampshire.

Mind you, all present indications are that those headlines next March will trumpet a Goldwater victory. Yet the fact remains that Goldwater has been an essentially parochial politician, his parish being the South, the West and the Extreme Right. This parochialism is Goldwater's greatest weakness, and by the same token, even more than Happy's smile, Rockefeller's greatest strength.

A few thousand woodsy New Hampshirites could kill Rockefeller once and for all, but they could also badly wound Goldwater, who now seems to be invincible. That a few thousand votes should matter so much surely proves that ours is a goofy system. But the goofiness of the system is also what makes American politics both unpredictable and fascinating.

Stewart Alsop

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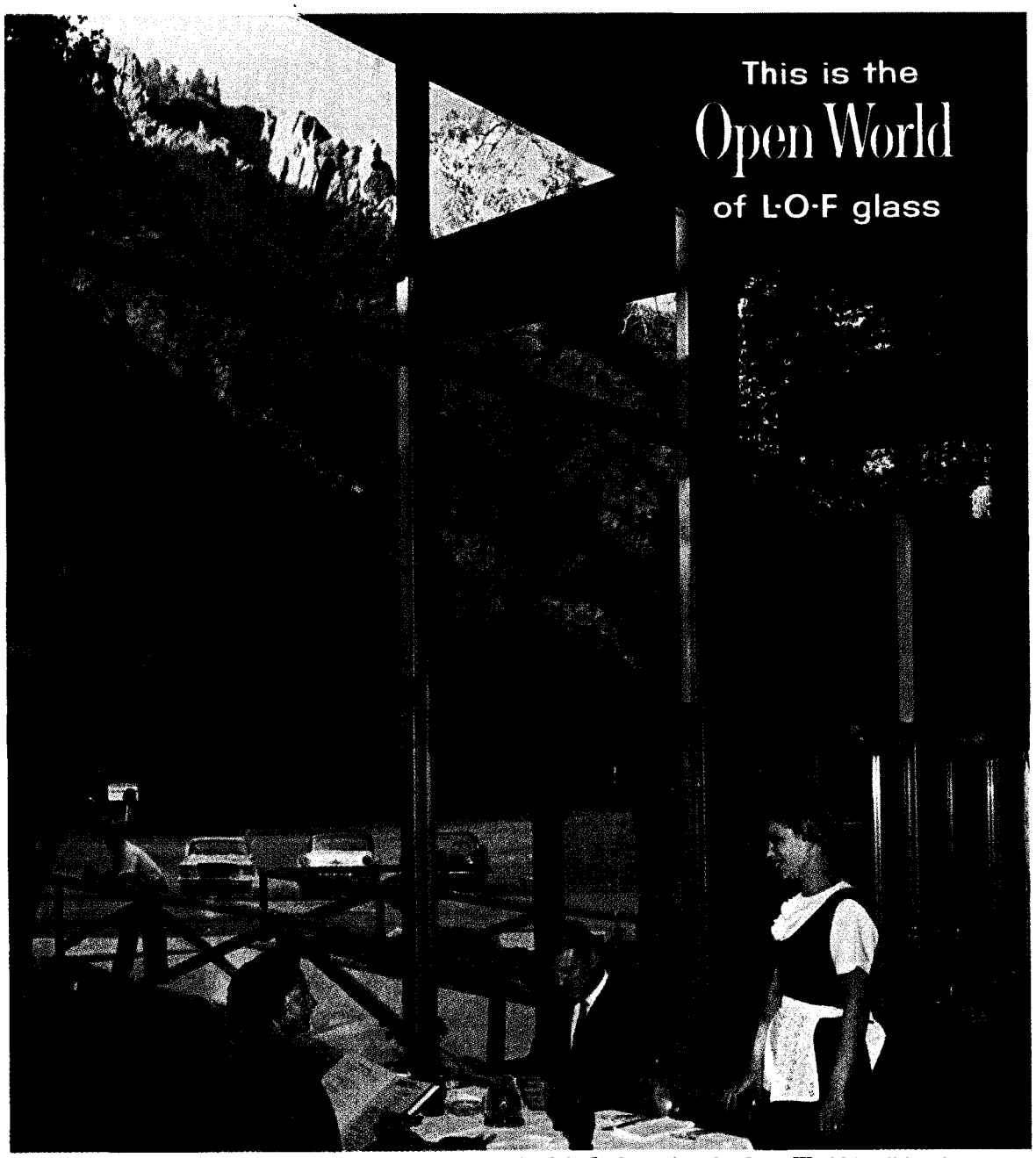

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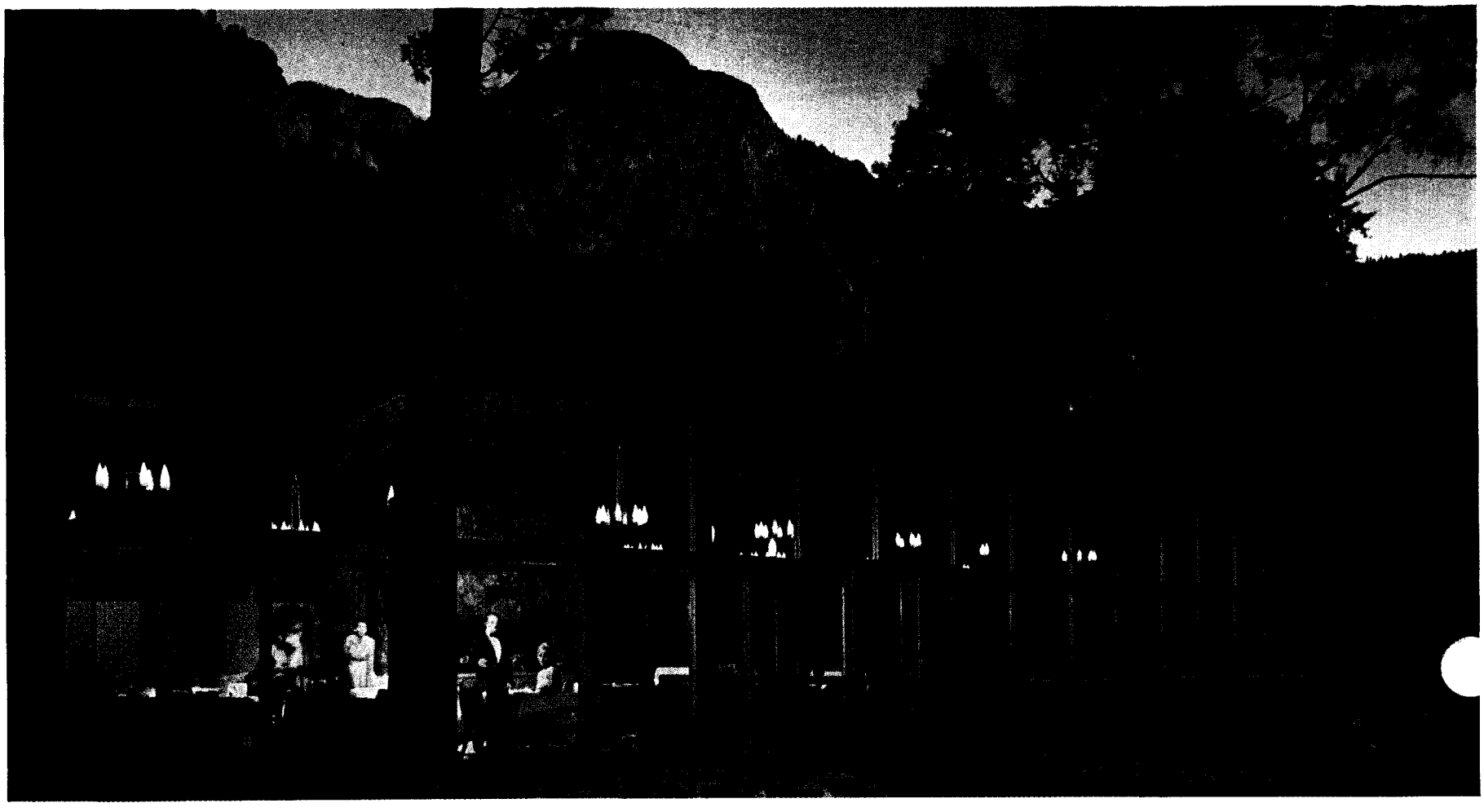

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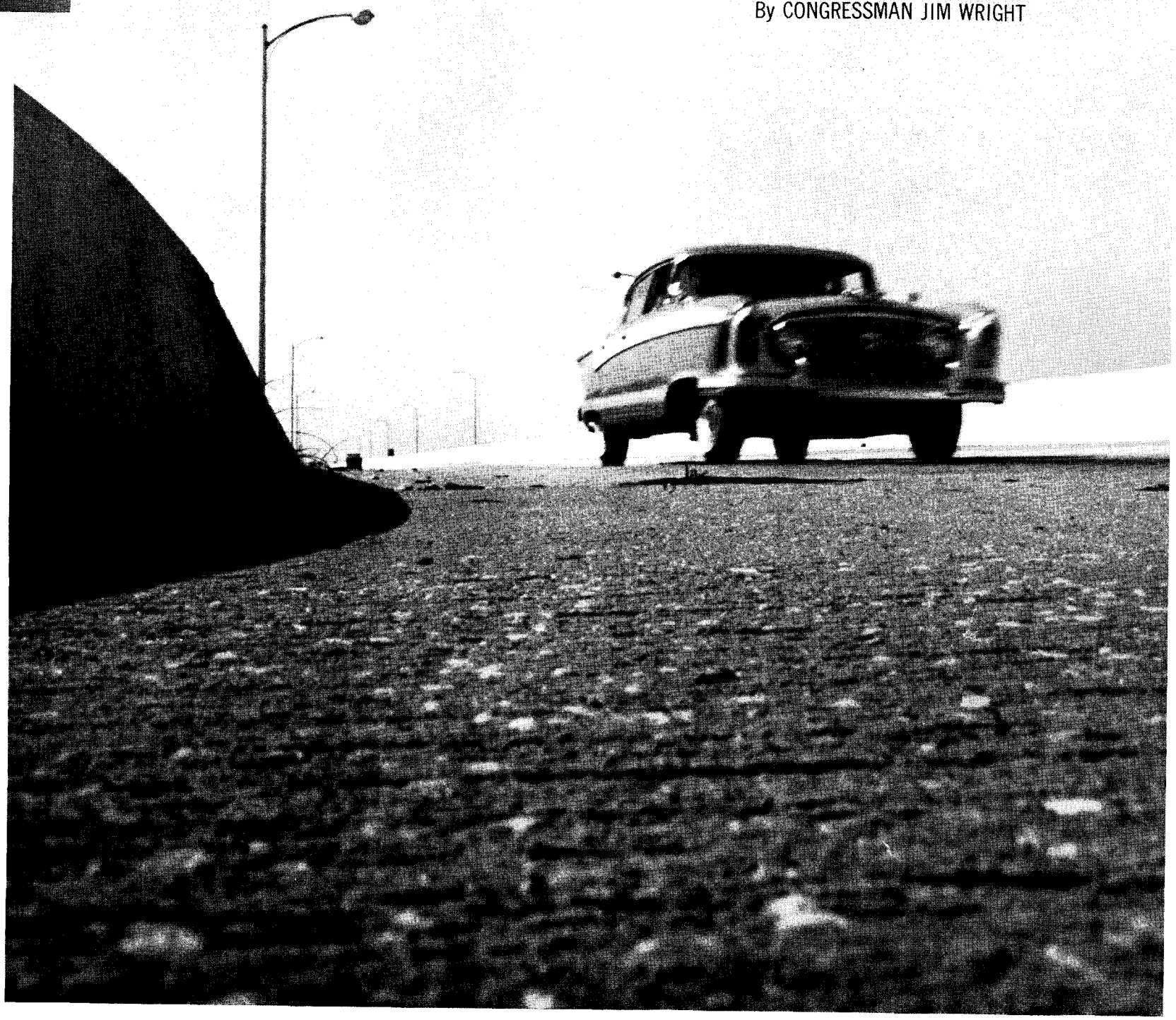
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

FRAUD AND BUNGLING IN FEDERAL ROADBUILDING ARE COSTING US EXTRA BILLIONS.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

By CONGRESSMAN JIM WRIGHT



Florida had to build a dividing wall on this section of highway when the surface proved dangerously rough.

In Massachusetts a flashy political appointee brags to a man whose property the state wants to buy for right of way that he has friends in the governor's office who can get the owner a better price. Later he makes good on his boast.

In Oregon a highway inspector driving past a construction site at night stumbles upon workmen preparing to use state-rejected materials in a new roadbed.

In New Mexico another highway inspector admits he was on the payroll of a contractor whose work he was supposed to supervise. "Of course it was wrong," he stammers, "but when you'd done it once, it was easy."

Each of these incidents is but a single thread in an incredible fabric of right-of-way shenanigans, dishonest construction practices, payola and bureaucratic ineptitude woven over the U.S. Interstate Highway Program, biggest public-works project in history. Each helps explain why this vital program has rocked from scandal to scandal since its start seven years ago—and why it is going to cost U.S. taxpayers roughly $25 billion more than the $27.5 billion originally planned.

This is not to imply that the *entire* 41,000-mile interstate program seethes with corruption. It does not. An overwhelming percentage of contractors are honest and efficient; so are the vast majority of state-highway employees. And most of the 14,800 miles of highway already open testify to the fact that federal and state agencies can join with private construction companies to build roads both efficiently and economically.

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POTHOLES APPEAR IN NEW HIGHWAYS EVEN BEFORE THEY ARE FINISHED

In the absence of Chairman Blatnik, Rep. Wright (center) chairs highway subcommittee.

How extensive is the graft? "While countless allegations have been made," says Federal Highway Administrator Rex M. Whitton, "incidents of proven fraud or mismanagement have been relatively few." Not everyone agrees with Administrator Whitton, however.

So numerous and varied were these rumored irregularities, in fact, that Congress in 1959 created a special highway investigating subcommittee. It is chaired by able, conscientious Rep. John A. Blatnik of Minnesota whose experience includes not only successful congressional investigations but also a wartime record of distinguished service in the OSS. Since the beginning, I have been privileged to sit on this subcommittee.

For the past four years our staff of investigators has combed the nation, followed hundreds of leads, unraveled tangled webs of evidence. We have held 69 days of hearings totaling 406 hours, heard 284 witnesses (of whom 101 admitted "irregularities") and collected more than 12,000 pages of testimony. We have not been alone. The Bureau of Public Roads, the General Accounting Office, the Department of Justice and the investigative agencies of many states have launched probes of their own.

Together we have found fraud or carelessness involving right-of-way acquisition in 24 states, shoddy or deliberately dishonest construction practices in 21 states, payola accepted by highway-department employees in seven states. We have also found that the Bureau of Public Roads, a tiny agency with an enormous responsibility, has not always been able to administer or police the interstate program effectively.

The first step in any highway project is to acquire the right of way. A state must purchase property which lies in the path of a proposed route. Originally Congress estimated that this would cost $5 billion. Today officials admit the cost may reach $7 billion—primarily because state highway departments were astonishingly ill-equipped to handle the responsibilities of land buying on a large scale.

Massachusetts provided a perfect example. Testimony before our committee revealed that the highway department's right-of-way division was operated on the patronage system and largely staffed by political hacks. (One man, hired to appraise industrial property, listed his previous occupation as "bandleader"; another simply noted his membership in the Sons of Italy.) The situation was made to order for an unscrupulous con man.

Such a man was Francis L. Harney Jr., a jovial, name-dropping former football player who liked to conduct his business in a new white Cadillac. In 1958 Harney joined the highway department as a relatively low-salaried "interviewer" in the right-of-way division.

At about the same time that he was breaking into his job, a South Attleboro businessman named Walter Webb began trying to sell his small lumberyard. Webb contacted the real-estate firm of C.H Lawton & Son in nearby Pawtucket, R and enlisted the aid of broker Felix M. ette. The two men started by asking $27,000, then dropped the price to $23,-000. The best offer they received was

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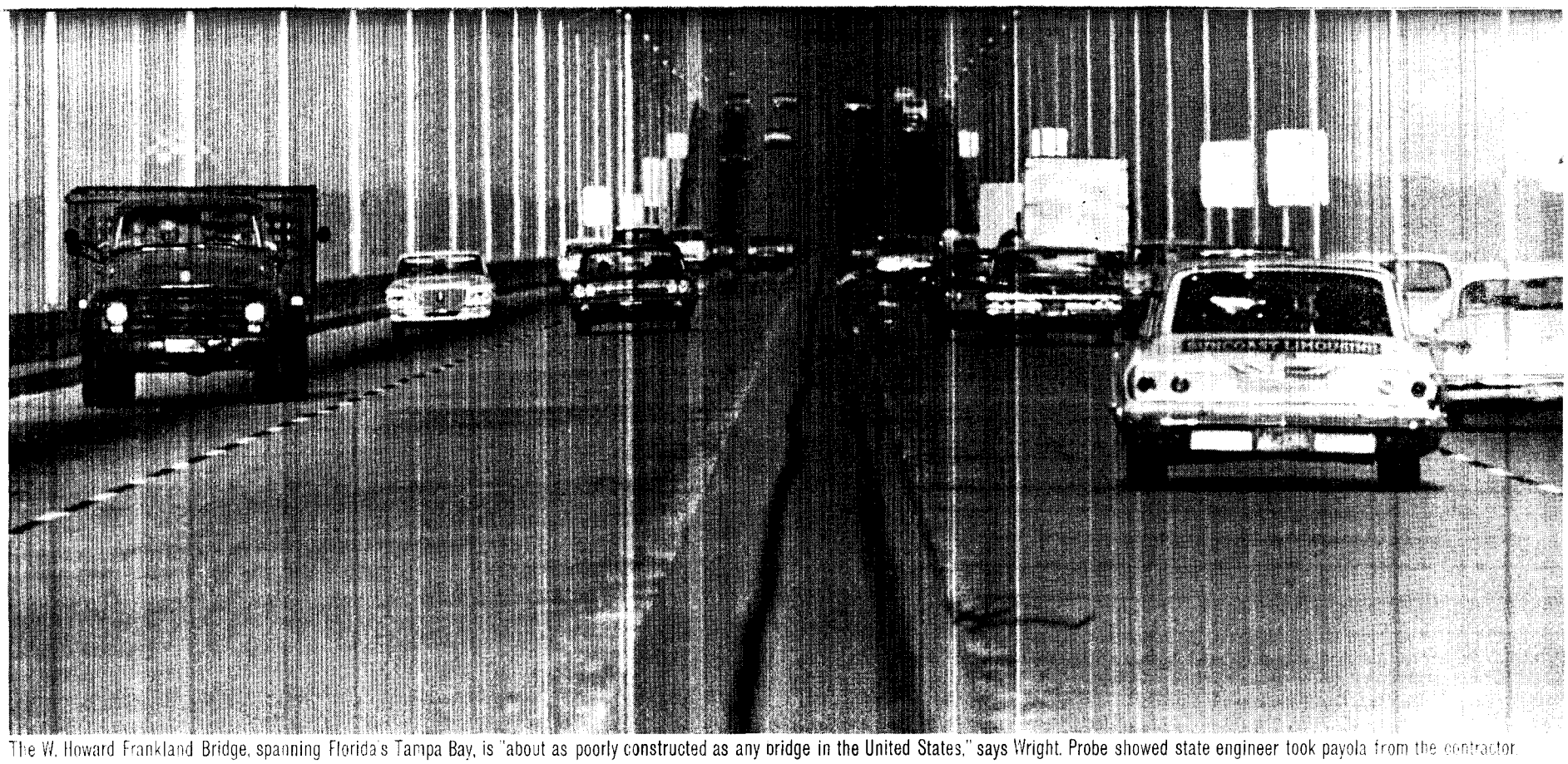

The W. Howard Frankland Bridge, spanning Florida's Tampa Bay, is "about as poorly constructed as any bridge in the United States," says Wright. Probe showed state engineer took payola from the contractor.

$12,000, but they were determined to hold out for at least $20,000.

In May, 1959, Harney heard of Webb's predicament. By this time the state had decided to acquire the lumberyard for right of way, and Harney contacted both Myette and his boss, C.H. Lawton Jr. He suggested they tell Webb to see a Boston lawyer named James S. O'Connell who "had a brother in the governor's office." Webb said that he didn't see how anyone could change the situation. Independent appraisers had previously set his property's value at $20,000; he doubted that the state would pay more. Harney assured him he could take care of *that*.

A few months later Webb was notified that the state had agreed to buy the property for over $60,000. He hurried to see O'Connell and Harney, blinked in amazement as the lawyer handed him a check for $17,383.37. The remaining $12,828.66 of Webb's share, O'Connell explained, was needed to pay off the mortgage and back taxes. The lawyer's share was $30,000. "I suppose a lot of this money has to be passed around," Webb said. "Of course," Harney answered.

Webb would have been even more surprised had he known how easy it had been for Harney and O'Connell to arrange their windfall. Not surprisingly, the property was appraised by three right-of-way agents who submitted conveniently lofty estimates. The case then went before a review board, which noted the earlier appraisal of $20,000 and called for a new valuation. According to Webb's testimony before our committee, Harney arranged to have the new appraisal made by C. H. Lawton Jr. the same man whose firm had been trying to sell the property in the first place. Lawton brought in an "independent" valuation of $60,000. The review board authorized payment immediately.

Even more revealing than the details of this conspiracy was the testimony of some of the principals before our committee. Listen to Walter Webb.

REPRESENTATIVE WRIGHT: "Mr. Webb, at what point in this transaction did you realize that you were engaged in a conspiracy with Mr. Harney and Mr. O'Connell?"

WEBB: "I would say probably in December of 1959."

WRIGHT: "At the time you realized it was a conspiracy, why did you finally go through with it?"

WEBB: "I have asked myself that question innumerable times. I haven't yet found the right answer to that."

WRIGHT: "Is this a part of what goes on in the mind of the individual? Does a person think at some point, it isn't as though we're cheating somebody [because] it's only the government?"

WEBB: "It's like a trough. I mean, when you have a bunch of animals that go to the trough . . . the ones that are there first, they are going to get fat and healthy and the rest go by the wayside."

Committee testimony developed the fact that another man who got "fat and healthy" in Massachusetts was a right-of-way appraiser named William M. Jacobs. On the surface his success defied logic. His division chief, Arthur T. Bennett, gave him an unsatisfactory rating; yet the record shows that between 1956 and 1961, Jacobs won more assignments than any other appraiser, earning $150,587 from fee appraisals and court appearances in connection with land acquisitions.

Remarkable appraisals

In one case he helped persuade the state to pay an officer of the Joada Realty Company, Ernest Reiss, $120,000 for land valued later at $31,000. In another he appraised a piece of property on Interstate 290 near Worcester for $427,526.35. An independent firm later estimated its worth at $27,800. In a third case he complained that his fee of $21,950 was too low for a series of appraisals, persuaded superiors to award him $42,900 instead.

Illegal inflation of appraisals has not been restricted to Massachusetts, testimony before our committee showed. The political system that nurtured such fraud was almost identical in West Virginia. One right-of-way agent, a sometime preacher and political appointee named J. Walter Stalnaker, hired his son David as a fee appraiser. David had had no previous experience, yet within 11 months his income spiraled past $23,000. What made this performance all the more remarkable was the fact that—for at least part of this time—David was living in California. He merely mailed in his reappraisals, often without ever seeing the property.

In Florida the situation was no better. The trouble, testimony indicated, stemmed not so much from inept fee appraisers as from public officials whose standards of ethics were lax. Two Jacksonville city commissioners, Claude Smith Jr. and Louis H. Ritter, had outside interests in a firm that moved houses from land acquired by the state. The right-of-way attorney for the Jacksonville Expressway Authority, C. Ray Greene Jr., used a fictitious name to conceal his business ventures—which included another house-moving concern.

In Florida, contractors added a new twist to right-of-way shenanigans. The state was paying them hundreds of thousands of dollars to remove houses on land acquired for right of way. Yet these contractors, without official knowledge or approval, were simply hauling away the structures and selling them. "It was found money," one contractor said later.

How much such abuses cost may never be known. But illustrative examples are not hard to find. In one case, West Virginia paid more than half a million dollars to acquire one four-block stretch of road. It should have paid—according to an expert reappraisal—less than $150,000.

Yet right-of-way acquisition is only one area tempting corrupt highway officials and builders. Another is the chance to chisel on building costs by padding expenses or using inferior materials.

One morning some weeks ago, for instance, investigators under the command of New York State Assistant Attorney General Allan N. Smiley flagged down 111 trucks on their way to a large new highway project outside New York City and found that 58 of them were short-loaded, carrying smaller amounts of material than shown on their invoices—on which payment is based. Smiley's men have been conducting such raids off and on for the past 16 months.

Last July New Yorkers encountered still another brand of highway skulduggery. Under state law, contractors must supply night watchmen at major construction sites. Yet in New York 33-year-old Joseph Page, president of the Sentinel Investigation Service, Inc., was accused of charging the state $250,000 for "watchmen" he never supplied. He originally faced a 145-count indictment carrying prison terms totaling 1,000 years, but when the case came to trial he was allowed to plead guilty to lesser charges. A Queens judge fined him $5,000 and gave him a 30-month suspended sentence.

Another example of high jinks and skulduggery was brought to light in 1960 when our committee looked into construction of the Skelly Bypass, a 13-mile span of highway near Tulsa. Investigators disclosed five instances in which the state paid for considerably more material than it received. In several cases testimony revealed the contractor, Layman & Sons, billed the state *twice* for the same materials—and received payment each time. On this section alone—according to an independent testing firm—Oklahoma taxpayers contributed $524,689 for materials that were either inferior or never delivered.

It was not surprising that the highway needed repair even before it was opened to traffic. What *was* surprising—at first—was the fact that neither federal nor state inspectors could find anything wrong with it. The reason became apparent when we questioned Ralph C. Glover, project inspector for the Bureau of Public Roads. Glover stated that he visited the site once a month—after giving the resident engineer ample advance notice—and that he accepted the engineer's reports "at face value." As Glover said, the bureau did not expect him to "go behind those reports to determine exactly what was happening."

A state-highway-department employee named Joe Johnson shed more light on the project. His job was to submit samples from the roadbed to the state laboratory in Oklahoma City where they would be checked for content. He did. Some samples failed the tests. His supervisor, Fred Avery, then ordered him to alter the samples so they would pass. Johnson obeyed, falsifying "maybe fifteen to thirty tests"—although under protest.

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PAYOLA INCLUDED CIGARETTES, WHISKEY, TURKEYS, HAMS—AND FRUITCAKES.

The use of inferior materials by an avaricious contractor also figured prominently in our probe of a four-mile stretch of highway near Lordsburg, N. Mex. The contractor was a determined, persuasive man named Jack Adams who seemed to have massive political influence. The contract allowed him 350 days to complete the Lordsburg project. He finished in less than half that time.

Testifying before the committee, a state-highway-department employee named Maxwell Fullerton explained the contractor's method: "They were pouring [concrete for] some sidewalk and they were pouring it on ice and snow." Project engineer Leland Doty said he wanted to complain, but was told that he had better not, because "Mr. Adams didn't like to get such letters."

The state accepted the road on January 29, 1958—even as workmen labored to fill 16 potholes that already scarred it. Within the next year and a half, the state spent $55,071 in a vain attempt to repair it. Finally engineers threw up their hands in disgust and decided to rebuild the highway from scratch. Despite this record, Adams managed to win new federal-aid contracts totaling another $2,723,510.31 between completion of the Lordsburg project and his death last year.

Adams was lucky. Oregon contractor James E. Houck was not. Houck's firm won a contract to build a section of interstate highway paralleling U.S. Route 99 in Douglas County. Two piles of material had been assembled at the site. State inspectors approved one pile but rejected the second after finding unsuitable material in it. Houck's men simply went out to the site at night and started transferring the rejected materials into the approved pile for placement in the roadbed. This ruse might never have been discovered had not inspector John Buren driven by the site at 1:30 one morning.

In Arizona, bungled construction seemed equally prevalent. One 20-year-old inspector, James Shipp, told our committee last May that he had falsified test reports so that no failures would appear. "I didn't want to lose my job," he explained.

The greater part of Arizona's mistakes can be traced more to carelessness than to outright chicanery. The same thing cannot be said for Florida.

Spanning the bay between Tampa and St. Petersburg is the W. Howard Frankland Bridge. Built in 1959 at a cost of $6.2 million, it is about as poorly constructed as any bridge in the United States. The surface of the bridge, built by the Hardaway Contracting Co. of Tampa, was so dangerously rough, our committee learned, that the state finally had to erect a 30-inch concrete wall down the middle at a cost of $250,000. And when investigators from the Bureau of Public Roads checked the spans supporting the bridge, they found that 39 of 40 tested did not meet minimum standards.

The project engineer charged with enforcing specifications on the bridge was Joe R. Maseda Jr. One explanation for his failure to spot these deficiencies could be that he didn't know about them. Another could be that, as testimony revealed, he had accepted payola from several contractors, including Hardaway, for "professional services rendered."

Maseda's take was relatively small compared to that of a state engineer named William H. McLeod Jr. Testifying before our committee, McLeod admitted that he had received more than $10,000 from contractors, in addition to turkeys, hams, whiskey, cigarettes and fruitcakes. Yet he seemed to see nothing wrong in accepting such largess. Before a nationwide television audience last October, he declared, "I can still live with myself. I can look back over and I can look you or anybody else in the eye and tell you that I haven't done anything wrong. Only thing wrong I have done is possibly just worked too many hours and tried to do the right thing about everything."

In fairness to McLeod, it should be stated that he is not the only employee who felt this way. Another engineer, asked why he accepted $25 in an unmarked envelope every Friday over a period of months replied, "I felt I had a friend. I didn't know who he was, [but] I wasn't going to try and make him mad."

Time-honored payola

The source of much of this generosity, our committee discovered, was the Cone Brothers Contracting Co. of Tampa. Company records indicated that in less than four years it had quietly slipped state engineers more than $23,000 in cash and had allocated another $16,000 for the purchase of liquor. President Julian L. Cone Jr. explained that he authorized payments to engineers who were in a position to help by "coordinating and expediting our work. We have been following this practice in one form or another as long as I have been in the contracting business."

In New Mexico such payola was handled in a much more subtle fashion. Highway-department employees earned extra income by "renting" trucks to contractors. What gave the scheme some glamour was the fact that often these "rented" trucks did not exist.

Not all the troubles in the Interstate Highway Program stem from outright fraud, committee hearings developed. In some cases the taxpayer loses simply because federal or state officials have been incredibly careless or indecisive. Nowhere is this inefficiency better exemplified than in the government's long inability to decide on minimum height for bridges and overpasses.

Early in 1956 the Bureau of Public Roads decided that a 14-foot height for new bridges and overpasses would allow sufficient clearance for vehicles carrying vital military equipment. In arriving at this figure, the Bureau did not bother to consult with the Department of Defense. It wouldn't have taken a military strategist to see that 14 feet was not enough. Even then our arsenal contained missiles and other armaments that couldn't be squeezed under 14-foot openings. Larger equipment was in the works.

Yet new bridges and overpasses sprouted at that height, and not a word of protest was heard until Thanksgiving Day, 1957, when the Leonard Brothers Transfer Company attempted to truck an Atlas missile from San Diego to Cape Canaveral. The trip required nine days. At several points the driver had to deflate his tires to gain inches of clearance. Often traffic logjammed for miles as he struggled to negotiate an underpass.

Since January, 1957, lower-echelon Defense Department and Public Roads personnel had been meeting to decide how much clearance was required. This Atlas trip should have provided an object lesson, hastened a decision. It did not. Papers still shuffled back and forth between the two agencies. Conferences were held, tentative agreements reached, then scrapped. Military shipments were still subjected to delays.

Finally, in May, 1959, Maj. Gen. Frank S. Besson Jr., then Army chief of transportation, met with then-Federal Highway Administrator Bertram Tallamy to discuss the problem. The result of their conference: a decision that the problem needed to be studied some more.

Not until January 27, 1960, did the two agencies agree to adopt a 16-foot clearance. Had they agreed on this height originally, the cost of extra construction would have totaled only $18.7 million. Now, officials suddenly realized, they would have to pay another $205.7 million if they wanted to convert the bridges and overpasses already under construction.

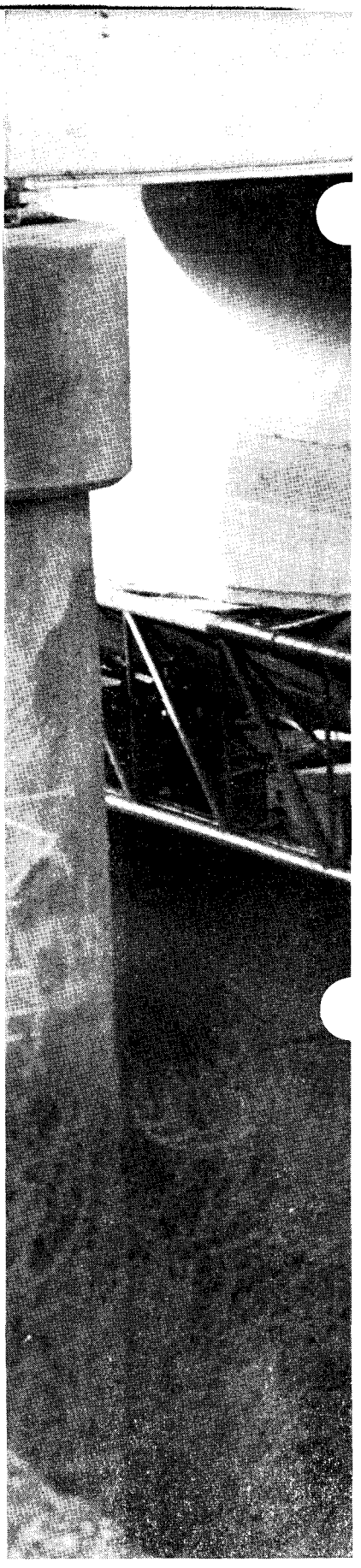
The committee did not take up all the cases where faulty planning has proved expensive or embarrassing. Florida spent $9 million not long ago to build an eight-mile stretch of Interstate 10 near Pensacola. Favored by teen-agers who use it as a drag strip, the road comes to a dead end at a place called Stink Creek, six miles from the Alabama border. It will not be connected to any other portion of the Interstate network for at least two more years. "In its present state of isolation," admits Florida State Road Department executive William T. Mayo, "it cannot serve a very good purpose."

In Montana, according to a General Accounting Office report, the Bureau of Public Roads approved state plans to build a section of interstate highway near Livingston. What Public Roads didn't know was that the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation was at the same time planning to build a dam that would inundate a large section of the proposed highway. Luckily, that oversight was spotted before anyone drowned.

Despite all this evidence of corruption and inefficiency, the goals of this ambitious road-building program are both necessary and attainable.

In 1955, when the federal-aid highway program was first submitted to Congress, the need was obvious. We had been trying to cram 63 million vehicles a year onto a road network designed to handle half that many. Mounting deaths and costly delays to commerce testified to the need for a long-range solution. We decided to embark upon a 14-year crash program and build a system of highways now to meet the needs of 1975. Ribbons of concrete would connect major cities. The public would travel from Houlton, Maine, to San Diego on broad, gently graded surfaces with wide, smooth shoulders and no hairpin turns or stoplights.

The Federal Government would pay 90 percent of the cost; the states, only 10. Instead of increasing the national debt by voting long-term bonds, we would pay as we progressed. We would also stimulate the building of secondary roads—the so-called ABC system. And to prevent an inflationary impact, we would begin modestly, increase activity in the middle years, then slowly taper off. In 1956 we set up a highway trust fund and set out to raise the $27.5 billion we thought we would need by increasing taxes on tires and gasoline.



Amazingly, actual construction *is* on schedule. The federal government has already spent or obligated $22.5 billion; the states have added another $9 billion of their own. And last month the Bureau of Public Roads, taking note of these achievements, estimated that progress to date would save 2,000 lives this year and 9,000 annually by 1972.

Yet despite such accomplishm
fraud and mismanagement have t
a heavy toll. Federal and state authoritie
have obtained dozens of convictions
against corporate and individual de-
fenders. In Massachusetts alone, nine

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Truck crew struggles to free an Atlas missile stuck under an overpass on its trip from San Diego to Cape Canaveral. Bureau of Public Roads had bungled, set the clearance standards at an inadequate 14 feet.

men were convicted, including Harney, Lawton, O'Connell and Jacobs, all convicted of conspiracy to defraud. Another six—including a Boston judge and the former chief engineer of the state's right-of-way division—have been indicted. Their trials are scheduled to begin soon. In Florida five firms and 23 individuals were barred from federal projects. Other indictments or convictions have also been obtained in Arkansas, Texas, California, Ohio and Indiana.

Yet not all offenders have been punished. In Florida five men were indicted on criminal charges in connection with the highway program. The indictments were dropped for lack of evidence. In Oklahoma the state filed charges against a contractor and a former highway commissioner. The case was thrown out of court on the ground that jurisdiction was lacking. In New Mexico the state attorney general brought suit against Jack Adams last year, seeking to recover funds lost in the Lordsburg project. A jury found Adams innocent.

Meanwhile, the investigations continue. Our committee has scheduled hearings on Louisiana for the first part of 1964 and expects to probe into events surrounding the dismissal last year of four highway-department employees in the Shreveport area. The Bureau of Public Roads, conducting its own investigations, is currently withholding federal funds from projects in New York, Massachusetts and Louisiana, pending completion of its checks. The GAO is evaluating questionable situations in Mississippi, West Virginia and Louisiana. And last month it released a report on deficiencies in Nebraska, including "inadequacies in . . . testing practices" and "considerable uncontrolled cracking of concrete pavement."

In the wake of these investigations, some reforms are being made. Civil service and merit systems are replacing political patronage in several state-highway departments. In Massachusetts Gov. Endicott Peabody's bill to reorganize the entire state Department of Public Works sailed through the legislature on October 30. Similar steps have been taken in West Virginia, Oklahoma and New Mexico.

On the federal level, Rex M. Whitton, administrator of the Bureau of Public Roads, has tightened regulations, created a new Office of Audits and Investigations and an Office of Right of Way and Location to deal with that extremely sensitive area. He has also promoted an auditing system that will enable his bureau to spot deficiencies more promptly.

Yet we have not done nearly enough. Clear-cut professional standards must be set for highway-department personnel. (Oklahoma Rep. Ed Edmondson has proposed establishing a national highway academy to school supervisory employees. It would be patterned after the law-enforcement academy conducted by the FBI for city, state and county officials.) Conflict-of-interest statutes need to be streamlined and existing loopholes plugged. And politics has to be taken out of *every* state highway department. As one committee member recently put it, "Simply changing the faces isn't enough. You have to change the basic system that produced all these irregularities."

Already we have wasted millions because we haven't been able or willing to exercise the proper controls. Unless we accept that responsibility now and rid this vital program of all its corrupting vestiges, we're going to wind up wasting millions more. THE END

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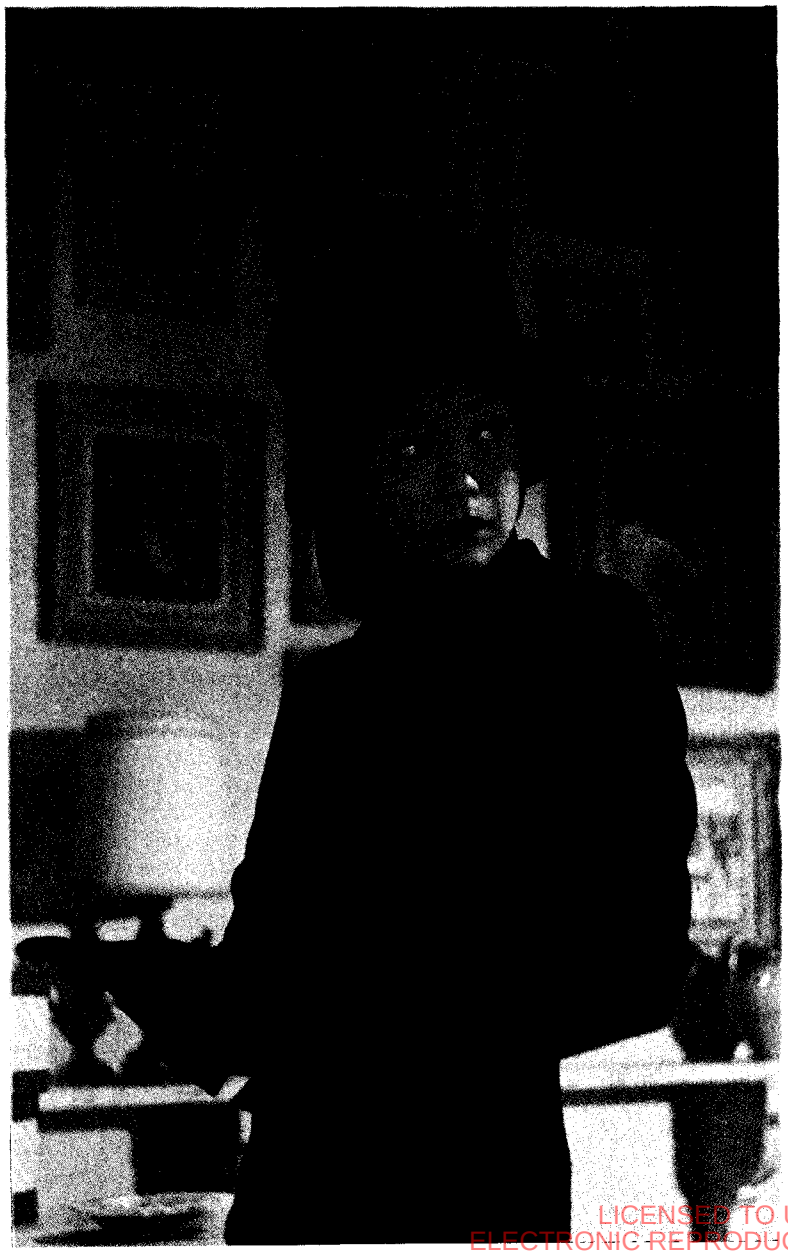
Liquid cement replaced stitching for Shirley's patent-leather gown.

By C. Robert Jennings

BODY BY MacLAINE— IN ORIGINALS BY EDITH HEAD

Urged to shoot the works on perky Shirley MacLaine for the $6,000,000 comedy, "What a Way to Go!", Hollywood costumer Edith Head turned out a dazzling grab bag of glad rags.



"A designer," says Edith Head, seven-time Oscar winner for her movie costumes, "is only as good as the star who wears her clothes." The reverse is also true. As boss designer of Paramount Pictures since 1938, Miss Head has reinforced the allure of some of the cinema's most spectacular stars.

Recently 20th Century-Fox borrowed Miss Head for its six-million-dollar comedy-fantasy, *What a Way To Go!* and urged her to shoot the works on leading lady Shirley MacLaine. Miss Head did—with the aid of hair stylists, makeup magicians, her own retinue of 30 stitchers, three million dollars' worth of jewels from Harry Winston and roughly half a million dollars' worth of gowns. "But I don't think this is really Shirley MacLaine," says tiny (5′1″) Edith Head, who in the past has dressed Shirley as everything from a geisha to a lady bat. "She used to hate fittings. She was always slightly defiant, a little on the defensive, and she'd break out in a rash. But for this picture she has stood still for difficult, intricate fittings of seventy-three costumes, not only politely but with great excitement."

In the film Shirley plays a simple, guileless girl who marries five men, four of whom contract the modern disease of money and die of it. Each new marriage gives Shirley the chance to dramatize her shifting financial status through the vagaries of fashion. "If you ran this picture without sound," says Edith, "Shirley's clothes would tell you the story. She's a fine clothes chameleon, who can look like a little girl, a beatnik, a hoofer or a high-fashion model."

Although she has tangled with an awesome variety of types over her 30 years as a costumer, the stars all look the same to Edith. "There was never an actress with whom it was easy to work," she says. "I have yet to see one completely unspoiled star, except for the animals—like Lassie. Each thinks she knows more

Designer Edith Head calls this classic suit "the red, red look."

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"The sophisticated look" is Miss Head's label for this gown made of spun gold Persian tapestry and sable. It has a hoop tunic, offshoot of old-time hoop dresses.

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LIZ TAYLOR WANTED HER WAISTLINE MADE "SMALLER, SMALLER."

than I do about her bust and hips." As a result, she sees designing in Hollywood as a mixed drink: roughly one part style-savvy to three parts diplomacy, shaken with unrelenting psychoanalysis. "Good clothes are not good luck. They are a result of a pretty thorough-going knowledge of the people you are dressing—and undressing."

Through Edith Head's "clinic"—which is what she calls her elegant, silver-gray salon at Paramount—have paraded the most glamorous patients in the world. Clara Bow, she remembers, insisted on high heels for a celluloid game of tennis. And *She Done Him Wrong* brought Edith eyelet to eyelet with Mae (38-24-38) West. "I love fabric I can feel, honey," husked Mae. "So do men." When Edith showed her pictures of period jewelry, Mae said, "Fine, honey, just make the rocks *bigger*. Without diamonds, honey, I'd feel undressed." And to Edith's staff she purred, "I like 'em tight, girls." So they jammed Mae into costumes, says Edith, in which she could not "lie, bend or sit."

Miss Head remembers Hedy Lamarr spent "a good part of each fitting on the horizontal"; that Paulette Goddard toted her jewels around in a cigar box; and Betty Hutton made each fitting into a little show and brought along her own audience. Like Scarlet O'Hara, Liz Taylor had a 19-inch waist but always wanted her gowns "smaller, smaller." Juliet Prowse made things easy—"You just put the minimum of beads on the maximum of chassis," says Edith. Anna "I-am-Magnani" was so horrified of glamour she insisted on "old" materials. And Nancy Carroll had the quickest solution for a dress she didn't like: "She calmly ripped it off." On the other hand, says Edith, "if MacLaine hates a dress, she is like a horse about to be cinched. She swells up and you know it's a dead dress."

Most meticulous clothes horse in Hollywood, according to Edith, is not a woman at all, but Cary Grant. He plans an entire color scheme for his wardrobe, usually built around his leading lady's. And he wasn't very happy the day Sophia Loren's 14-karat gold dress rubbed off on his tux in a *Houseboat* clinch. Recalls Edith, "We had to spray her with lacquer so she would *stay* gold." As for Loren, says Edith, "Sophia has no vanity at all. She analyzes herself as if she were another person. She has the same lack of self-consciousness about her body an animal does."

Miss Head's own influence on fads and fashion has extended beyond Hollywood. She launched a Latin-American trend with Barbara Stanwyck in *The Lady Eve*, and magazines reproduced Edith Head adaptations of the rebozo

For "the provocative look," Shirley sports an ostrich-banded dinner gown with ostrich hat.

pendent in white mink, white gown, white hair
white diamonds, Shirley MacLaine embodies
t costumer Head has named "the snow-white look."

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Beaded dress shows influence of Spanish painter Goya.

"IF FASHION IS TAKEN STRAIGHT, IT CAN BE DREARY AND DULL."

(long scarf), the poncho and the sarape styles. Her sarong for Dorothy Lamour became a kind of institution—though Dottie was so unchesty it had to be taped on. Edith created Veronica Lake's half-nymph, half-witch look, and Audrey Hepburn's "Sabrina neckline," which had ties on each shoulder.

Today, says Miss Head, "we are about to see a renaissance of glamour *cum* humor—for fashion taken straight can be dreary and dull. The industry seems amazed that people love wit, beauty and glamour.

"I'd not like to bring back the corset of the Victorian era, but I'd sure like to bring back some of its other elegance, like stockings and gloves. The new *sportive* look is all very well for models, but very many women don't look *sportive*. When the well-dressed woman is typified by beatnik space helmets and alligator boots, we have come to the end of the pendulum's swing. Marlene Dietrich and Roy Rogers are the only two living humans who should be allowed to wear black leather pants.

"Nowadays," summed up Edith, "you walk down the street, and from the rear you see sandals, sweat shirt, close-cropped hair and a small caboose of tight-tight pastel pants. The puzzling question is, do you address it as sir or madam or what?" THE END

Empire evening gown serves as frontdrop for emerald necklace that once belonged to a maharaja's favorite.

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Dressed in what Miss Head calls "companion clothes," Shirley and daughter Stephanie apply themselves to an all-day sucker for "the young, young look."

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In a scene from "What a Way to Go!", oil-spattered Shirley hugs her movie son, Jeff Fithaian.

SHIRLEY MACLAINE SOUNDS OFF

Nonconformist, journeyman critic and one-woman filibuster, Shirley MacLaine voices her views on everything from marriage to Mme. Nhu, TV to travel, with side glances at humor, schools and even matched pearls.

BY MURIEL DAVIDSON

During a tour of Russia last year Shirley MacLaine decided to make a brief stop at the University of Leningrad. A group of Russian college students quickly cornered her to ask a few questions. Fifty-three hours later the students were haggard and red-eyed from lack of sleep, but Shirley was still joyously discussing such subjects as entomology, horticulture, psychiatry, Hollywood status symbols, the wheat shortages in the Ukraine, John Steinbeck, the romances of Elizabeth Taylor, the advantages of the capitalist system, the shortcomings of the Communist system, Hong Kong tailoring and nudity in art. When the nonstop conversation finally came to a halt, one exhausted Russian student asked an American reporter, "Is that lady what you call in United States a filibuster?"

In the United States—especially in Hollywood—Shirley does indeed rank as a kind of one-woman filibuster. The late Ernie Kovacs once said, "If you've got Shirley MacLaine for a friend, who needs an encyclopedia?" Hedda Hopper has described a session with the young actress as "a kook's tour through her brain." A Hollywood reporter, who has spent a good portion of his adult years trying to wheedle coherent

In gingham swimsuit, Shirley displays her informal side for Dick Van Dyke in scene from their new

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"Too many women regard a marriage license as a license to possess. I think that kind of possession is dangerous."

monosyllables out of movie stars, points out, "With Shirley, all you have to do is say 'Hello.' She'll gush forth with opinions on *anything*—from fashions to Khrushchev. She's been given a buildup as a kook—but I'd describe her as an activist, nonconformist, irrepressible, self-educated intellectual."

As an uninhibited activist Shirley is unparalleled in the film capital. One day last June, for example, she phoned her attorney and asked, "What is the penalty in this state for committing assault and battery?" After a short lesson in law she jumped into her black Mercedes automobile and drove to the office of Hollywood gossip columnist Mike Connolly.

For months Connolly had been chronicling Shirley's contractual wrangles with producer Hal Wallis. Shirley finally exploded one morning when Connolly announced her capitulation to Wallis. Upon arriving at Connolly's office, Shirley spotted the columnist stepping from an elevator, and as Shirley recalls, "He said to me, 'Hello, doll.' And I said, 'Are you in this business to print the truth?' And he said, 'Of course, doll.' and I said, 'Then why don't you?' and I slugged him in the face as hard as I could. Then, as I was switching my purse from one arm to the other to slug him again, I noticed he was wearing glasses. That bothered me. So before I hit him again, I took the glasses off his nose. I bashed him two more times, and he kept saying, 'Why, Shirley! Why, Shirley!'"

That afternoon the incident was splashed all over the front pages of the Los Angeles newspapers. Archie Moore promptly sent Shirley a pair of boxing gloves; California's governor, Pat Brown, sent her a congratulatory wire; and she received a message from the White House—name of sender undisclosed—which said,

CONGRATULATIONS.
NOW WHY DON'T YOU SLUG WALLACE,
GOVERNOR, NOT HAL?

Shirley MacLaine is constantly embroiled in similar skirmishes, usually in defense of her self-proclaimed nonconformity. Despite the foregoing fashion layout, for example, her concern with her appearance usually is minuscule, and she has had knock-down, drag-out battles with movie executives who have tried to stop her from appearing in studio commissaries in an old shirt and dungarees.

Her attitude toward the usual Hollywood social whirl also is heretic. "I prefer to just go away between every picture," she says. "I might go to Tasmania, Istanbul or maybe just Fargo, North Dakota. My vista is not bound by a sound stage at Twentieth Century-Fox. Nothing pleases me so much as learning.

"Once I flew to Morocco alone, rented a car and drove through Tangier, Marrakech, Rabat and all the little places in the desert. I lived with Moroccan families all along the way. In Rabat I spent eight hours just watching a four-year-old child weaving fabric with both his hands and feet. It was fascinating.

"But whenever I get home, I'm constantly amazed by ridiculous questions people ask me—about Tokyo or Hong Kong, for example. No one seems to care about the political situation or any of the internal struggles. They only want to know where they can go to buy jade cheap or get an inexpensive dress made in five hours. So, because I am not trivial-minded and because I go to places where the world's problems are actually happening, I'm labeled a kook."

Shirley's rather unorthodox marriage of nine years to producer Steve Parker helps to perpetuate the legend of her eccentricity. Parker and their seven-year-old daughter, Stephanie (Japanese name: Sachiko), live in Tokyo. Miss MacLaine lives in Encino, Calif. Shirley is a frequent weekend commuter between Los Angeles and Tokyo, and Parker visits her in Hollywood. But often as many as six or eight months go by during which the family does not meet. "I'm not saying my marriage is right for *everyone*, but I don't care about anybody else's marital situation," says Shirley. "I only care about mine. I think too many women regard the marriage license as a license to possess. And I consider that kind of possession dangerous.

"When you marry and have a child, you become a unit. But each individual in that unit should be allowed to express himself, not always perform in concert. *We* give each other freedom. It's a fact, you know, that the more freedom you have, the less you want. The people who feel compelled to put a label on everything label my marriage 'an experiment.' Some of those very same people are finished with marriage number three and are working on number four."

Discussing her separation from Stephanie, Shirley became agitated. "You think it doesn't *kill* me to be away from her?" she yelled. "But let me tell you something. We're separated because I won't have her educated in America. She's learning the things all seven-year-olds learn, but she's learning while sitting next to a child from Pakistan or Indonesia. She speaks fluent English and Japanese, and five other languages fairly well. I won't subject her to a limited form of education. I could never be that selfish. My daughter's name, Sachiko, in Japanese means 'happy child.' And that's just what she is. And she'll be a well-educated child too. The only thing *I* learned in school was how to type."

Shirley, 29, a onetime Broadway chorus girl, has become an ardent pupil in the school of self-education. She will sound off on anything from show business to world affairs. Some examples:

- On performing for television: "I don't want a deodorant manufacturer telling me what I can or can't do. Besides, I consider most of the television shows like doing a rehearsal in front of sixty million people."
- On capital punishment and her efforts to save kidnap-rapist Caryl Chessman: "I'm not saying I'm against capital punishment. For Hitler, yes! For Eichmann, yes! For Chessman, I said, 'No.' What we did when we executed Chessman was to drop cyanide pellets on the world's stage. It was a terrible blight on the American image."
- On Madame Nhu's visit to America: "She stuck a bow in the hair of her virginal-looking daughter to improve her *own* image, and she came here to use her feminine wiles to try to convince Americans that she isn't a Dragon Lady—which she is. You know why I'm glad she came here? They got things straightened out in Vietnam while she was gone."
- On Hollywood's so-called clan: "Organizations of any kind bore me. They tie me down and make me feel earthbound. Imagine anyone calling *me* the mascot of the clan, which the newspapers did! I adore Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr. We have a wonderful rapport. I understand their humor and they dig mine. But I go away for months and never see them. They aren't my blood brothers."

Highest-paid comedienne

Shirley is flintiest on the subject of humor, which she understands intuitively and which has made her the highest-paid comedienne (approximately $500,000 per picture) in the world. "I have a tremendous regard for humor because I believe it is an escape valve for all problems," she said. "I believe there should be more humor in the United Nations—like more people banging their shoes on the tables. Even in tragedy, we all long for a sense of relief.

"When my husband, Steve, broke his leg skiing in Japan, we thought for a while that the leg might have to be amputated. Yet when I went to the airport in Los Angeles to meet his plane, I had myself, my secretary and her three children bandaged from eyeballs to shoelaces. Steve got off the plane on a stretcher, but he got off laughing. To me, humor basically is looking at human frailty and teasing it. The funniest sight gag—and one of the oldest—is a pompous, impeccably dressed, self-important tycoon taking a pratfall. I believe that to laugh at human frailty is to help eliminate it."

So goes the MacLaine filibuster. But whether Shirley is as serious in her resolve against what she regards as convention is a moot point. Recently, she was talking about Hollywood status symbols, the epitome of which, for a woman, is the possession of a perfectly matched strand of eleven-millimeter pearls. Shirley does own pearls. And they are perfectly matched. "But they are ten-and-one-half millimeter," says Shirley. "Eleven millimeters, my dear, is too gauche. Just too gauche." THE END

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THE COMMUNIST THREAT TO LATIN AMERICA—II

WHY CAN'T WE SAVE LATIN

Already faltering badly, the Alliance for Progress is being kept off-balance by military coups.

We've got a long way to go; and, in fact, in some ways the road seems longer than it was when the journey started. But I think we ought to keep at it." President Kennedy was talking at a press conference about the Alliance for Progress. "I am always depressed to an extent by the size of the problems that we face in Latin America. The Alliance has failed, of course, to some degree, because the problems are almost insuperable."

The problems soon got worse. In one eight-day period, military coups overthrew democratic governments in the Dominican Republic and Honduras, raising the total of military takeovers during the Kennedy Administration to a melancholy seven, or more than a third of all Latin-American countries. And the last two were the most galling. The presidents elbowed out of office by ambitious generals had both won honest and free elections after long years in the political wilderness. Both of them—the Dominican Republic's Juan Bosch and Honduras's Ramon Villeda Morales—were progressives, members of the so-called "democratic left" that Kennedy had counted on heavily to put his Alliance for Progress into action. Both had been handsomely backed by United States aid, and they were overthrown just as the annual fight over foreign aid was getting under way in Congress.

"One of the most serious crises in U.S.-Latin-American relations in a quarter of a century," thundered Sen. Wayne Morse. The frustrated feeling in Washington was that every general in Latin America had come to believe he could flout U.S. policies with impunity—and flout the whole principle of the Alliance for Progress.

The Alliance already had plenty of critics. President João Goulart of Brazil says that it "fulfills neither the objectives nor the high hopes raised when it was formulated two years ago." Archbishop Dom Helder Camara of Rio de Janeiro declares flatly that "the Alliance for Progress is dead."

Even the briefest look at the record shows why so much pessimism shrouds the *Alianza para el Progreso*, the most ambitious such program undertaken by the United States since the Marshall Plan. The Alliance was supposed to "improve and strengthen democratic institutions"—which it so far has failed to do. It was designed as an enlightened answer to Castro and Communism. Yet every recent study shows Communist influence on the rise (*The Saturday Evening Post*, June 29–July 6).

The Alliance is supposed to promote private enterprise, and it called for new U.S. private investment in Latin America of $300 million a year. But American companies withdrew $24 million more from Latin America than they put in last year. "Invest private capital in South America today?" asked *Forbes*, the business magazine. "Not unless you consider wagering at roulette or at a crap game an 'investment.'" In addition, Latin America's own capitalists sent a huge sum to safe havens abroad last year, perhaps $800 million. Above all, the Alliance is supposed to break the tyranny of poverty and despair by a huge increase in economic development. But last year the population of Latin America shot up by 2.9 percent, and the growth in national product barely kept ahead, at 3.3 percent—leaving the poverty-ridden continent almost as poverty-ridden as before.

Why has the Alliance been such a disappointment? For one thing, it was ballyhooed too loudly at the start, leading a great many people to expect quick cures for ancient ills. For another, the ills of Latin America are greater than most Americans, north or south, really expected. "Much of the effort of the first years," says Edwin Martin, assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, "will necessarily have to be spent on stopping the decline before there will be a solid foundation on which the Alliance program can be built. Thus some forty percent of all the United States funds made available in the first year have gone . . . to prevent bankruptcy and social disintegration, rather than for constructive new economic and social projects."

The Communists and the Fidelistas are fully aware that the Alliance is a last-minute effort to rescue Latin America from the brink of revolution. They are waging a dirty, skillful and never-ending fight to discredit and defeat the whole effort. They draw a line under *para* in *Alianza para el Progreso*, and the phrase becomes "the Alliance *stops* Progress." They claim that the "Alliance for Progress" is actually an "alliance for the defense of capitalism," an "alliance for the status quo"—and many people believe them.

In his office at the Agrarian Reform Institute in Santiago, a Chilean agronomist played a tape recording of a talk with a Chilean peasant who had gotten his own plot of land under Chile's agrarian-reform program. The peasant gravely declared that he had been given his land by "the Communist Party." The agronomist snapped off the machine. "Why did he think so? Because he had been told so often enough by a Communist agent." In a small town square in Rio Grande do Norte state on Brazil's northeastern bulge, a crowd gathered and applauded a ballad singer as he thumped his guitar and improvised lyrics:

Never trust the Americans,
Never trust the Americans!
They take away everything I've got
And leave me sucking my thumb.

In their campaign, the Communists have formed an implicit and immoral partnership with the extreme right, the irresponsible oligarchs who fear that the Alliance's demands for social reforms will tax their great fortunes.

The military, traditionally allied with the right wing, gave "saving the country from Communism" as the reason for all the recent coups. In reality, though a Communist threat exists, the army in every case felt itself endangered by change. And change, however painful, is what the Alliance is all about.

Secretary Martin complains that most people think of the Alliance as just another aid program. "This it most emphatically is not." It is a 10-year program with quite specific goals, goals that would weaken both the extreme right and the extreme left: to raise per capita incomes by 2.5 percent a year through a balanced expansion of agriculture and industry; to eliminate adult illiteracy and provide a grammar-school education for every child; to increase life expectancy by five years and to make life generally more decent by new housing, drinkable water and sewage disposal. The program will cost $100 billion, or $10 billion a year. Of this sum, the Latin Americans are supposed to put up eight billion a year, the U.S. Government one billion, U.S. business $300 million, and the rest of the world $700 million. To make the program work, the Latin governments pledged comprehensive development plans and thoroughgoing tax and agrarian reforms.

One main problem is that the Alliance is trying to do several things at once. It is trying to engage simultaneously in basic economic development, in political and social reforms and in simple human welfare. Its clearest success lies in the field that is, in the long term, the least important—social welfare. The Peace Corps, for example, has made Latin America a key target area and is a small but solid success. Its workers are known affectionately as "the *poor* Americans." Food for Peace, a program to dispose of U.S. farm surpluses, antedates the Kennedy Admin-

Steelworkers in an Argentine mill try to keep pace with the area's growing needs.

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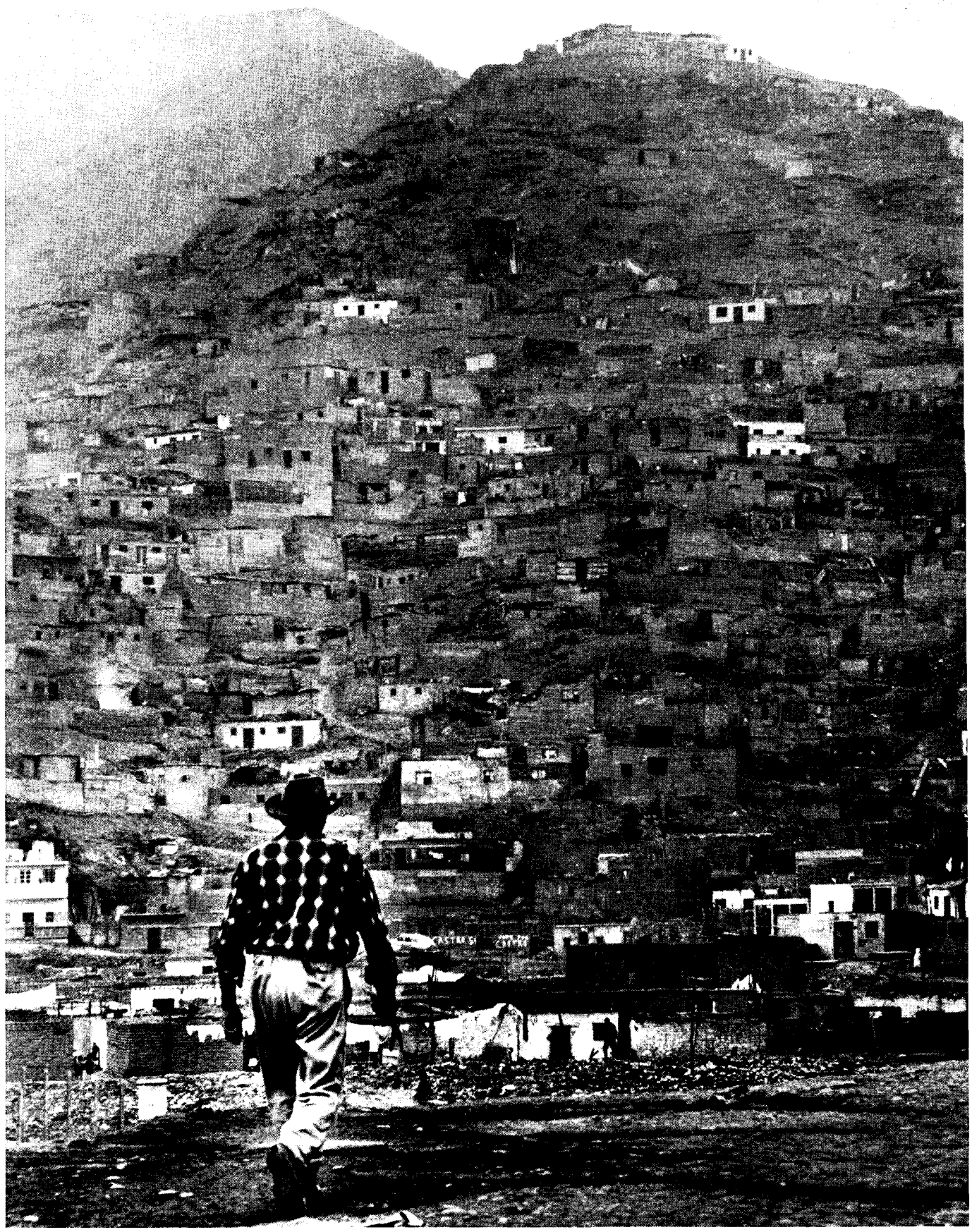
AMERICA?

By RICHARD ARMSTRONG



A Peruvian worker heads for home. In this hillside slum in Lima, almost no houses have running water.

istration, but it is still the program with the most immediate impact on Latin Americans. Under Food for Peace, eight million children get a square meal every noon at school. For most of them the square meal is what keeps them coming back for the beginnings of an education. "When you get really out in the boondocks," says a U.S. official in Brazil, "Food for Peace *is* the Alliance, all that those people ever see of it."

In housing, a start has at last been made after decades of abysmal neglect. After World War II, when slums began mushrooming around Latin-American cities, filled by peasants fleeing barren farms in hope of a better life, the reaction of the ruling classes was to make life as tough as possible, on the theory that this would slow down the influx. It did not. Now, in Santiago, Chile, the government is bulldozing by the square mile what used to be some of the worst slums in Latin America and replacing them with modest but comfortable concrete-block homes. Several hundred miles farther south down Chile's spiny coast lie the hundreds of villages crumpled into ruins by the disastrous earthquakes of 1960, and here the Alliance banner flies high.

In this ravaged land the Alliance has built 13 model towns. Their names are Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, California, Florida, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Pennsylvania and Texas. And the residents of Minnesota, Chile, know a good bit about the U.S. state from which they got their name; they are inclined to be a bit contemptuous of, say, Florida or Kansas. On a visit to Texas, Chile, a U.S. aid representative found that, as usual, one of the first things laid out was a field for soccer, the universal Latin-American sport. The children were racing around the field, but had no ball. Asked if Texas could lick California, one of the kids growled out that strong Spanish affirmative: "*Claro!*" The official sent down a ball.

Schooling is another pressing need. In Brazil, for instance, a country that is about half illiterate, the primary-school system is still based on the French élite system of 40 years ago. "How in the hell," asks an Alliance official, "can you expect a kid with a belly full of worms, who comes to school without breakfast and whose parents and grandparents are illiterate, to get excited about long division at age seven? He flunks the first grade once and he flunks it twice, and then he gets a shoeshine box."

"Strange as it sounds," says a U.S. teacher, "what needs to be done here is actually to *lower* educational standards. If not, we can build twice as many schools and get just twice as many flunk-outs."

ll over the continent, American money building showplace schools. At the homas Jefferson School at Los Angeles in southern Chile, the students are so proud of their establishment that they take off their shoes outside the door and enter in stocking feet, Oriental style.

Venezuela is a country that shows what can be done by a truly massive program. Outgoing President Rómulo Betancourt, a dedicated progressive, tripled Venezuela's education budget, built 5,000 new schools and increased primary-school attendance by an astonishing 93 percent. "Education is a religion with this guy," says an American expert. "Everything else comes second. Venezuela now actually has a surplus of primary-school teachers. We're concentrating U.S. technical aid in the secondary-school area, getting ready for the flood of kids that will be coming out of the primary schools." Betancourt's goal is to eliminate adult illiteracy and to have 90 percent of all first- and second-graders in school by 1964. This same U.S. expert predicts, "He'll make it."

The progress of the Alliance for Progress can be heartening, but it is only a beginning. In the city of Cuzco, for example, high in the Peruvian Andes and once the seat of the mighty Inca empire, a white banker expressed a widely held attitude about the Indian peasant children: "They are animals, not humans. Trying to educate them is simply a waste of time." In the Brazilian Northeast, three out of every ten infants die before their first birthday, 70 percent of the children are infected by intestinal parasites, and of the annual 13,000 deaths in Recife, the metropolitan center of the region, half are classified by U.S. doctors as preventable.

Besides, welfare programs are only a stopgap, not a solution to such basic problems as land reform and tax reform. When the Alliance was started, one percent of the people owned 50 percent of the land, and paid virtually no taxes on their holdings. According to President Kennedy's prescription, "Those who make peaceful revolution impossible will make violent revolution inevitable." The peaceful revolution has so far been glacially slow. Ten countries dutifully put through some sort of reshuffling of their tax systems. But the new laws, just like the old ones, are not being enforced. One American ambassador, an economist, puts the income-tax-evasion rate in all of Latin America at 50 percent. Chile, which is actually trying to do something about tax evasion, drew headlines when it started criminal prosecution in a few sample cases. It was the first time such a thing had ever been tried.

Land reform was a second big promise, but the prevalent cynicism appears in an apocryphal story making the rounds in Brazil. President Goulart, an outspoken leftist who also happens to be the owner of more than 20 huge ranches, was having a drink on the porch with a rancher neighbor who despondently declared that he thought this land reform was actually going to come to something. "I'm thinking of selling off my ranch."

Goulart thought for a moment, so the story goes, and then answered, "You're

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Brazil's Goulart says the Alliance fails to fulfill hopes.

Given their own land, the campesinos' production soared.

absolutely right. It's the wave of the future—and I'll buy your ranch myself."

Booming São Paulo state, which with some justice calls itself "the locomotive pulling the rest of Brazil," passed the very model of a land-reform law two years ago, levying punitive taxes on land held for speculation and not efficiently farmed. There was just one catch. Before the law took effect, landowners pushed a law through the national congress depriving São Paulo or any other state government of the right to levy taxes on land.

"Don't confuse this situation with your forefathers conquering the West," warns a Venezuelan official. "The people who need land are not hardy pioneers but illiterate peasants, beaten down by generations of serfdom." But with some technical aid, working for themselves instead of a master, the *campesinos* astonish everyone, including themselves.

Take, for example, the settlement of Vicos in the Peruvian Andes. Until a small team of Cornell University scientists took over the place as a pilot project in 1952, the 2,000 villagers lived in abject poverty. Barely 20 children bothered to attend the dilapidated local school. With the simplest guidance on fertilizers and planting methods, the Vicos villagers increased their potato yield by 400 percent. The villagers widened the road across the mountains to Lima, built a new water system and a bright new schoolhouse where 250 pupils now go to class. They acquired title to the plantation and have already paid off a quarter of the purchase price. But though the Vicos experiment succeeded, it was greeted with hostility and suspicion by the Peruvian oligarchy. They feared that it would put "wrong ideas" into the heads of the Indian masses.

Chile has made a small but sincere start on agrarian reform, and the plan is working well. On the Fernando Bozo Community in the fertile central valley, Julio Romo was boxing up a handsome harvest of honeydew melons for shipment to the United States. He hacked open melons with his machete for the visitors and explained how life had changed. "Before, I paid 600 *escudos* rent a year (about $200) for six acres. Now that same 600 *escudos* pays the mortgage on my twenty-five acres and my new house. I have made the 600 *escudos* on my melons alone."

Julio Romo tugs his cap as deferentially to the government agent as he ever did to his old master. But since land reform, production on the plantation has tripled. One of Romo's neighbors, Vitorio Dossi, has invested his profits in a secondhand truck. Another, José Ramirez, has acquired 29 hogs and 50 ducks. Still another took a fling with two acres of gladioli and sold his crop in Santiago for $1,000.

Venezuela is further along with land reform than any other country, and the effects are revolutionary. President Betancourt has handed out plots to more than 60,000 families, backing them with credit for seeds and fertilizer. He has pledged to create 100,000 new landowner families, virtually eliminating the landless peasant class. To accomplish this he has distributed great stretches of state-owned lands and bought up 275 once-sacred *haciendas*. Agricultural production soared.

But these are the exceptions. In Chile, the land handed out so far has been mostly government land; only three plantations were expropriated last year. In Brazil, where 1.6 percent of the population owns half of the arable land, a sugar grower patted the pistol at his hip, after a peasant uprising on a nearby plantation had left five dead. "The land is mine," he said. "If they want it, they will have to kill me."

Agriculture remains the most important part of the Latin-American economy, employing about half the work force. But dreams of a new future turn about industrialization, and this is in many ways the most important and the least effective aspect of the Alliance. There are some signs of gain. The chemical industry—producing, among other things, the fertilizer that Latin America badly needs—has been growing by 10 percent a year. Steel production more than doubled in a decade to five million tons. Cement and paper doubled as well. Cars, television sets and appliances have proliferated.

But far too many of these new plants are hothouse flowers, created out of national pride and protected by tariff walls. "Not too long ago, a friend of mine built the most efficient textile mill in the country," said a Chilean businessman. He shrugged. "He bought it secondhand, fully depreciated, in the U.S." Argentina had 22 automobile plants when a recession hit last year; Venezuela will soon have seven or more, to supply a population smaller than that of Manhattan Island and a great deal poorer. Most of these are glorified assembly lines, knocking together parts shipped out from Detroit. Plant managers like to boast that a car includes "45 percent local parts" or "75 percent local parts," but in the computation of these statistics a windshield wiper (local) is often rated equally with a motor block (imported).

Much of Latin-American industry is state-owned and abysmally inefficient. The Argentine railway system, for example, employs at least 75,000 more people than it needs, and managed to lose $260 million last year. Brazil is abundantly endowed with petroleum, but the state oil monopoly, Petrobras, has not been able to get the oil out of the ground. From kitchen pots to barrel staves, privately owned factories are tied up in family-run cartels and abundantly protected, says a U. S. businessman, against "the chilling winds of free enterprise."

The elementary point is that Latin-American firms must produce the volume to attain efficiency. The Latin Americans, grasping the point, have set out to create not one but two common markets. The smaller would unite five Central-American republics—Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica—and so far it has had considerable success. On a much larger scale, the Latin American Free Trade Association joins nine countries that make up 80 percent of Latin America's population and income. So far, L.A.F.T.A. has spent most of its time bickering about tariff cuts, though trade among the nine did rise by 20 percent last year. The barriers to real integration are enormous. Latin-American economies are similar and competitive, producing commodities and minerals for export and high-cost manufactured goods for local consumption. Transportation is difficult. In terms of distance and shipping costs, Brazil, for instance, could integrate with the Congo or South Africa more easily than with Mexico, one of its partners in L.A.F.T.A.

"If the Alliance is to succeed," says David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, "it must build on the present private-enterprise base which generates 80 percent of Latin America's income. Latin-American governments cannot bring in new industries unless they can demonstrate political stability. They cannot put local capital to work effectively in an inflation-ridden economy where the price level soars tenfold as it did between 1950 and 1960 in Argentina, twentyfold as in Chile, or one hundredfold as in Bolivia."

The U.S. Department of Commerce appointed a blue-chip committee of 26 businessmen, including Rockefeller, to study the program, and after eight months they brought in a pessimistic report: "It is unlikely that conditions attractive to foreign capital can be created for a number of years." The committee chairman, J. Peter Grace, president of W. R. Grace & Co., said that the Alliance "in its present size and form cannot succeed."

"The paradox and problem," says an official of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America, "is that we are trying to have an industrial revolution and a social revolution simultaneously. This was never done in the past in free societies. In other times and other countries, the U.S. for example, there was first basic development and an accumulation of capital. Redistributing the wealth came later. But can we wait that long?"

The so-called "Nine Wise Men," a panel of first-rate economists from all over the Americas, appointed by the Organization of American States to monitor the Alliance, got to the heart of the problem when they suggested that the only people who could make the Alliance work—the Latin-American leaders—had been carping or stalling instead. "The Latin-American man in the street is at present of the opinion that the Alliance is a United States program. . . . But if the Alliance purports to be a democratic revolution, and if revolutions must be popular to be effective, the Alliance cannot flourish so long as its significance as a transformation is not explained."

Latin Americans are currently disappointed and, even worse, are bored by the Alliance for Progress. "It would have been better to have had silence," says Brazil's former president Juscelino Kubitschek, "than to have spread seeds of hope that will never grow and bear fruit." This obituary for the Alliance is all the more interesting because Kubitschek, perhaps Latin America's best natural politician, has already begun to run for reelection in 1965. During his first term he put forward every major tenet of the Alliance in a program of his own, Operation Pan America. Now he is shrewd enough to see that this program, called the Alliance, would be an albatross around his neck.

It is a discouraging sign of the times in Latin America that a sharp politician feels obliged to run down his own program because it has acquired a Yankee label. It is a first-round victory for the Communists that they have been able so cleverly to distort and confuse the issue. "I have the impression," says Raúl Saez of Chile, one of the O.A.S. Nine Wise Men, "that the U.S. entered upon this program without being prepared to carry it out, convinced that Latin Americans were, since it was a program that they themselves had proposed. The surprising discovery was that the Latins were not ready either."

Despite a bad start, the U.S. is obviously not going to give up on the Alliance and wash its hands of Latin America. "The program itself is right," says an American diplomat. "Perhaps the best proof of all is that the Communists are trying so hard to defeat it." All that is really needed to make the Alliance succeed is patriotism and hard work by the Latin Americans themselves—living up to promises of reform, a greater willingness to invest in their own countries' future, creation of a stable political climate in which private investment can function. In an angry continent constantly inflamed by a vocal Communist minority, that is, of course, a very tall order.

After its first two years, the Alliance has nowhere to go but up. The restoration of civilian rule in Peru and Argentina will be enormously important. So will the widely predicted pickup in the price of the commodities and metals upon which Latin America depends for its hard currency earnings—a 10-year slide in export prices has more than canceled out all U.S. aid. The Alliance chief, Teodoro Moscoso, is for the first time entertaining optimistic thoughts. Last year he bluntly told his staff in a memo that "we mark the first anniversary of the Alliance. We do not celebrate it." This year he was able to say, "Today the bricks and mortar of construction under the Alliance can be seen in the cities, villages and along highways all over Latin America. . . . short, the Alliance has grown roots . . . a people cannot be saved. People save themselves." THE END

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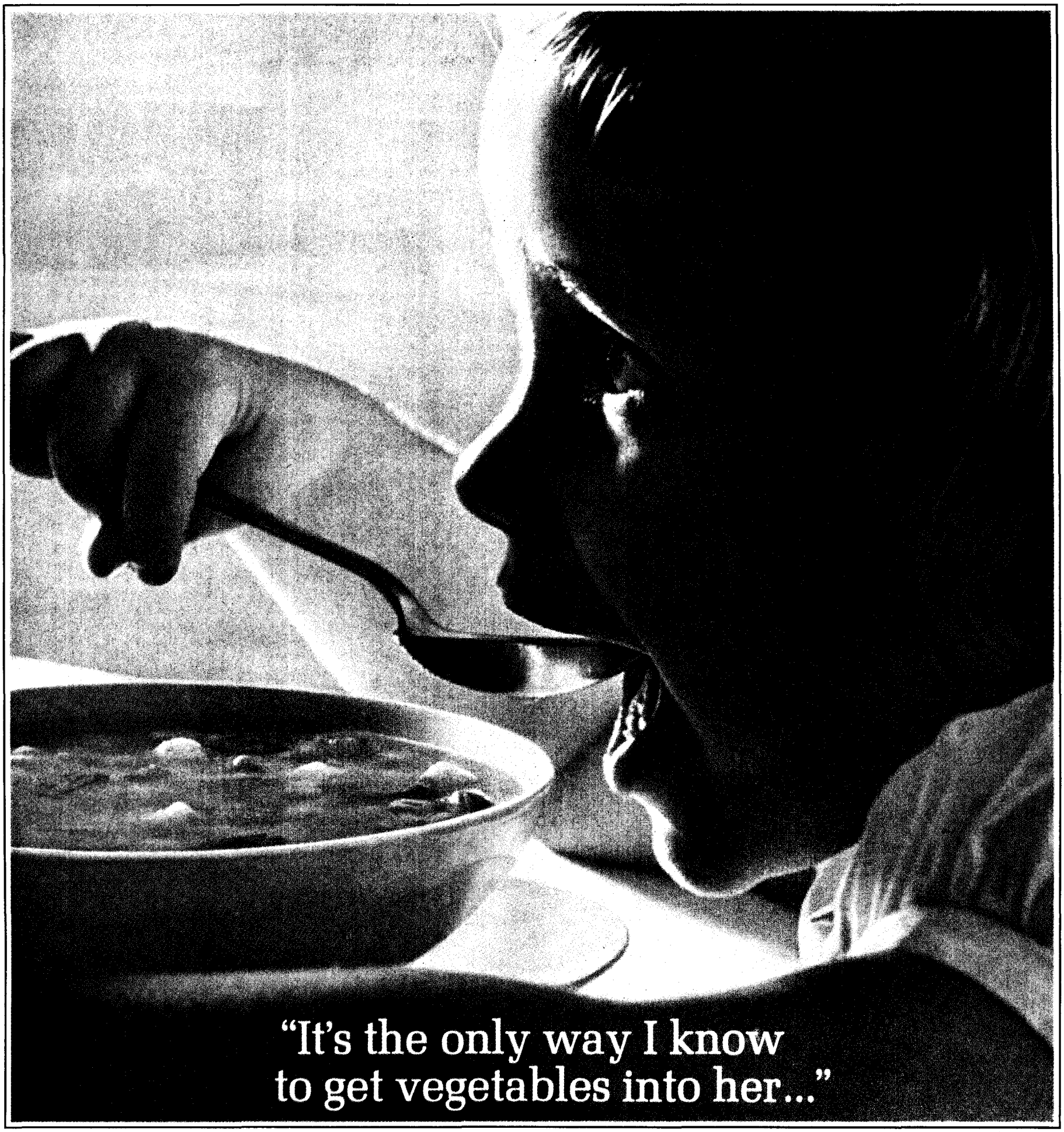

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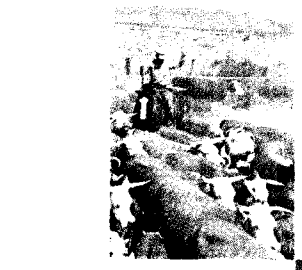

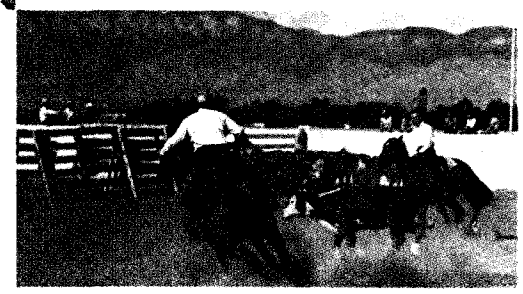

Nothing was spared (including the horses!) Oldsmobile's spanking new F-85 Cutlass puts together more well-bred horses than you'll find at a bronc-bust! 290 of 'em (that's 95 more than ever before) teamed with a new variable-vane Jetaway transmission* that puts satin to shame for smoothness. Your choice of three Cutlass models—new hardtop Holiday Coupe, a Sports Coupe and a Convertible—all with bucket seats as standard equipment. Isn't it time you headed for your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's . . . and put your brand on a Cutlass? **Optional at extra cost*

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World's most exclusive hotel

A BLEAK LITTLE INN FIT FOR ANY KING

Claridge's of London offers the last word in service and the ultimate in "protection"—for the lucky guest who gets in.

By JOHN SHERLOCK

Limousines predominate at Claridge's entrance. Even the charlady once used one.

Shopping London's fashionable Bond Street stores, tourists pass the weathered building at the corner of Brook and Davies Streets with hardly a second glance. It looks like just another hotel, and an ordinary sort at that. There is no great slab of glass against the sky, no ascending balconies, no majestic marquee—just six stories of faded red brick, a front door set flush against the sidewalk, a small canopy bearing the word CLARIDGE'S in discreet letters. Its furnishings are mostly tired, overstuffed relics of the Victorian aspidistra era. Its food is only fair. Neither chanteuse nor twist band entertains in the bar. There is, in fact, no bar—only a bleak-looking lounge featuring the austere sawing of a string quartet. By most standards of international hotels, it seems little more than a place for emergency stopovers.

Yet noblemen and millionaires scramble to get in, for this is the most exclusive and possibly the most expensive hotel in the world. Regular guests of Claridge's include the King and Queen of Greece and the Queen and Prince of the Netherlands, Winston Churchill, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and Stavros Niarchos, peers of the realm and stars of stage and screen. At the time of Queen Elizabeth's coronation 11 royal families stayed at Claridge's, establishing a record for the number of national flags unfurled over a hotel at the same time. There is no guest register because none is needed. If a guest is not world famous, he is at least well known to Claridge's management—which hardly ever grants a reservation unless it is acquainted with the applicant's social standing and background.

What attracts the hotel connoisseur to Claridge's is its intensely personalized service and its privacy, both ingredients which tend to be downgraded in modern innkeeping. There are no automatic elevators, ice-cube dispensers or shoeshining machines in Claridge's and hardly a push button of any kind. But there are human hands—a staff of 500 to serve a maximum population of 280 guests. Adhering to the principle that a man's hotel is his castle, Claridge's cultivates the atmosphere of a private club and shuns publicity as avidly as most other hotels seek it.

It was only after repeated attempts and pointed reminders that I worked briefly as a waiter at Claridge's 14 years ago that a board meeting was called to consider my request to do a story on the hotel. Three days later word was passed to me that Hugh Wontner, chairman of the Savoy Hotel group, of which Claridge's is the aristocratic flagship, had agreed to let me talk with the heads of various departments.

On the appointed day William Upson, a doorman at Claridge's for the past 20 years, resplendent in uniform with glittering brass buttons and top hat, regally ushered me into the hotel.

I followed him through the bare marble foyer to the lobby, which was as silent and heavy with dignity as any sacred place. The air, rarefied and tinged with a gracious mustiness, seemed difficult to breathe. Behind the reception desk men in pinstripe trousers and morning coats watched with carefully averted eyes, while waiters wearing knee breeches and brocaded coats moved about the lounge silently like frog footmen from *Alice in Wonderland*.

"The illusion," Greer Garson told me, "is that of being suddenly part of an elaborately costumed D'Oyly Carte production of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta—which is quite natural when you realize that the D'Oyly Carte family are principal stockholders in the hotel."

In a small, sparsely furnished office behind the reception desk Mr. H. Van Thuyne, a slight man whose youthful appearance belies the fact that he has been manager of Claridge's since 1939, assured me that the special aura of the hotel is the result of very careful planning.

While he talked, he kept an eye on two lights, one green and the other red, on the wall beside his desk.

"The green light flashed once by the doorman means a guest is arriving and the staff must be alerted with an assistant manager in the hall to extend the proper greeting. Three flashes of the green light means the guest will expect to see me personally. The red light signals that a guest to whom farewells must be said is departing.

"We make a determined effort to protect guests from unpleasant interference

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Luxury for the customers, but grueling work for the staff.

The hotel began as a cluster of private houses in Mayfair. Sometimes all the flagpoles are needed to announce state guests.

of any kind," Van Thuyne said. This may include fending off reporters, movie fans and worse. For example, hotel records have listed Barbara Hutton as the occupant of "suite 112," a nonexistent room number; it is very hard to locate a guest who doesn't want to be located. Van Thuyne, not surprisingly, would tell no anecdotes. "We must never trade on the famous reputations of our guests," he said.

For three days I was attended in the lounge by a waiter called Carter (if anybody on the staff at Claridge's has a first name, care is taken never to mention it). I recognized him as the man to whom I had been apprenticed when, at the age of 17, I'd started work at Claridge's as a trainee. Yet not for an instant did Carter show any sign of recognizing me. Finally I exclaimed, "Look here, Carter, surely you remember me?"

His face lit with recognition.

"Yes, sir, of course. But it wasn't my position to say so."

Such a sense of restraint and tact is inbred with the staff at Claridge's. If they don't have it when they start work at the hotel, they absorb it over the years.

The measured efficiency which so impresses customers is the result of very strict discipline and hard work on the part of the staff. Before helping the waiters serve luncheon, I remember trainees had to have their fingernails ir

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